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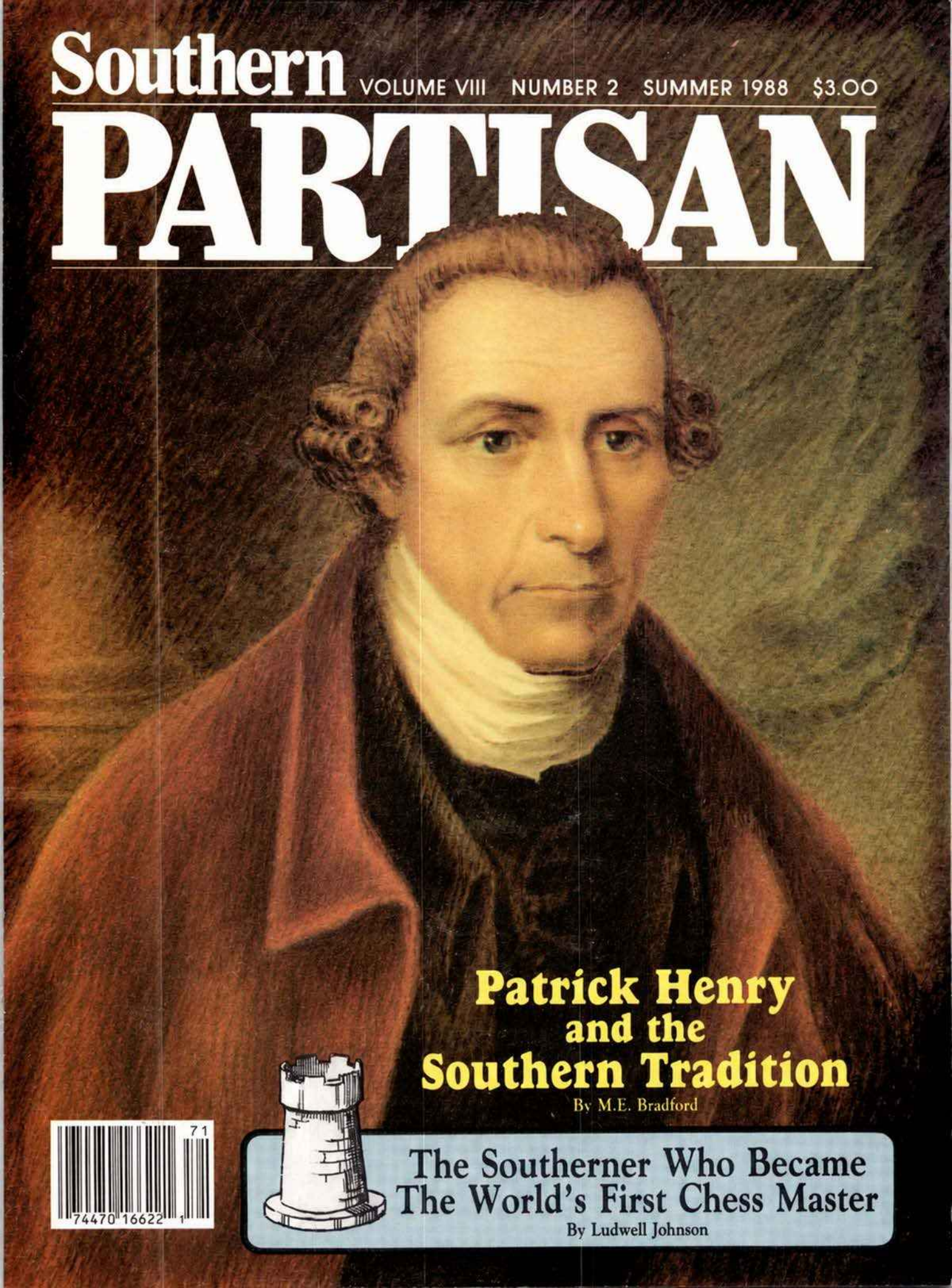

Patrick Henry and the Southern Tradition

By M.E. Bradford

The Southerner Who Became The World's First Chess Master

By Ludwell Johnson

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WE DON'T JUST REPORT THE NEWS. WE *MAKE* NEWS.

On Jeane Kirkpatrick:
In a POLICY REVIEW interview Jeane Kirkpatrick said: "The single most important change in my views in the last decade has been a much greater appreciation of market economics." *John Chamberlain, King Features Syndicate*

On Our Judeo-Christian Heritage:
In POLICY REVIEW Rabbi Joshua Haberman said that the bulwark we have against tyranny in this country is our firm belief in God and our firm belief in some standard of authority above government. *Pat Robertson, "Candidates '88 with Marvin Kalb"*

On the Evil Empire:
Picking up from President Reagan's phrase "evil empire," POLICY REVIEW's article, "Seventy Years of Evil," encapsulates some of the grimmer episodes of Soviet history. It is important reading. *Boston Globe*

On High Tech Trade with the East Bloc:
Senate Foreign Relations Committee aide William Triplett wrote in POLICY REVIEW that the Toshiba-Kongsberg machine tool sales did more damage to national security than previously reported. *Washington Times*

On SDI:
Bob, you've talked about support for SDI, but you wrote in POLICY REVIEW that you would use it as a negotiating chip. *Representative Jack Kemp to Senator Bob Dole, NBC Presidential Debate*

On Anti-Communism:
POLICY REVIEW . . . is the organ of the Heritage Foundation—the brain center of the most rabid reaction. *Pravda*

On Conservatism's Parched Grass Roots:
Amy Moritz wrote in POLICY REVIEW that the current state of the conservative movement is weak because in most cases leaders don't call on the millions of grass-roots activists except for financial contributions. *Washington Times*

On Media Bias:
ABC-TV reporter Rebecca Chase admitted that network producers, hell-bent on locating dire hunger, asked her "to scour the small towns of Mississippi to find hungry people . . . but I couldn't find any," she said in POLICY REVIEW. *Fred Barnes, Reader's Digest*

On Balancing the Budget:
[Compared with George Bush] Jack Kemp has been getting off a bit easy. Now he's surfaced with an article in POLICY REVIEW entitled "My Plan to Balance the Budget." *Michael Kinsley, Wall Street Journal*

On Crime and Punishment:
[In POLICY REVIEW Charles] Colson, former special counsel to President Nixon, makes a pretty good case for alternative sentencing, including restitution to victims of nonviolent crime. *William Raspberry, Washington Post*

On Marcos:
The Director of Central Intelligence, William J. Casey, originally proposed to Ferdinand E. Marcos that he call the early presidential election that ultimately led to Mr. Marcos' exile, according to an article by Senator Laxalt in POLICY REVIEW. *New York Times*

On Angola:
Savimbi's strategy, as he outlines in POLICY REVIEW, is " . . . to raise the costs of the foreign occupation of Angola until the Cubans and the Soviets can no longer bear the burden." *Norman Podhoretz, Washington Post*

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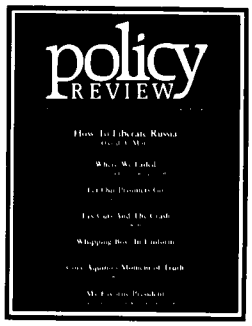

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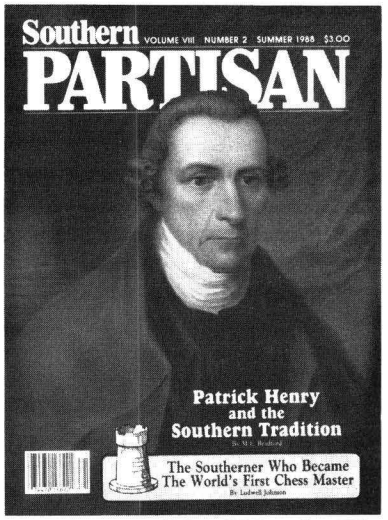
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PARTISAN
Patrick Henry and the Southern Tradition
The Southerner Who Became The World's First Chess Master
By Ludwell Johnson

16 OUR COVER / *The Trumpet Voice of Freedom: Patrick Henry and the Southern Political Tradition* / The average American citizen knows Patrick Henry only by the "Give me liberty or give me death" speech. Professor M.E. Bradford gives us a vivid portrait of a patriot who helped define the political tradition of the old South.

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COVER PORTRAIT: Patrick Henry by Longacre
The National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution
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Southern
PARTISAN

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PARTISAN LETTERS

STICKERS AND ALL

Gentlemen:

Yesterday's mail brought your splendid current issue. Featured on the cover was Don Pretchel's inspired painting of the VMI Cadets at Newmarket. Are repros available of this painting?

Unhappily; smack dab in the painting was the address label, which of course cannot be removed, and which appearance neat as it is, ruined the effect of an otherwise terrific cover.

Why can't your graphic people get together with your mailing people and create a special place for these damnable but needed stickers so as not to mess up your great covers; best of kind in my view. Few publishers seem to consider this.

Stickers and all, I intend to renew my subscription; of course.

Bill Holland
Dallas, Texas

Editor's Note:
Yes, The print is still available from the American Print Gallery, 219 Steinwehr Avenue, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, (717) 334-6188. Orders call toll free (800) 448-1863.

Gentlemen:

Well, you outdid them all with the Spring 1988 issue. Aren't you fearful that the liberal, apostate, humanist, New Deal "Social Scientists" will be perturbed?

A woman called me to tell me a navy commander said that I could get her sons and grandsons in the Sons of Confederate Veterans. After listening to a few comments I told her she was a "cottonpicking" yankee. She told me she did not want her sons or grandsons to be Damn Yankees! So, to a lot of people, the South is a state of mind and "time over place" idea. Keep up the good publication.

Yours for Southern Traditions,
John Byrd
San Jose, CA

BORK BASHERS

Gentlemen:

As a longtime subscriber, I am writing you to nominate a candidate for the Scalawag Award in the next issue of THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN.

John W. Warner, the senior U.S. Senator from Virginia, embarrassed and humiliated millions of Virginians by being the only "Republican" Senator from the South to vote against the nomination of Judge Robert H. Bork to the United States Supreme Court.

While I understand that there were many Southern Senators who voted against the Bork nomination, John Warner--who has failed miserably on this vote and others to posture as a conservative--was, indeed, the only "Republican" Senator to do so. On that vote, John Warner joined the likes of other "Republicans" including Senators Chafee, Packwood, Specter, Stafford, and Weicker.

I strongly hope that you will consider Senator John W. Warner of Virginia for the next Scalawag Award as he has certainly earned it.

Charles H. Cunningham
Washington, D.C.

Gentlemen:

...Southerners have always been the reason the Senate has placed truth, fair debate and civility among its highest virtues.

Now we have a new breed of Southern Senator who is so terrified of a part of the so-called "leadership" of their black constituents that they will willingly take a position as personally unfair, as uncivil, as anti-intellectual, as anti-States Rights, as dishonest, as dishonorable and as just plain un-

Southern as to oppose a gifted, intelligent, mild, and completely honest man just because he believes the Constitution means what is says. We went to War because the Abolitionists, Free Soilers and Republicans were prepared to break the covenant with us which the Constitution is. Southern representation in the Senate has sunk far below that standard which John C. Calhoun and Walter George set. A Scalawag vote on the Bork confirmation should be grounds, without more, for denying re-election to a Senator.

Charles Gardner Mills
Locust Valley, New York

LAURELS TO ROBERTSON

Gentlemen:

I enjoyed Rod Gragg's review in the Fall/Winter issue, of James I. Robertson's *General A.P. Hill: The Story of a Confederate Warrior.*

You might be interested to know that Dr. Robertson's book on General Hill won the Fletcher Pratt Award as the best book on the War Between the States published in 1987. Dr. Robertson also was awarded the Jefferson Davis Medal of the United Daughters of the Confederacy as "the foremost Civil War historian in the nation."

During 1961-65, by Presidential appointment, he was executive director of the U.S. Civil War Centennial Commission in Washington.

In addition to his job as professor of History at Virginia Tech, Dr. Robertson, an ordained deacon of the Anglican Catholic Church, is curate of St. Francis Parish in Blacksburg, Va.

William Francis Freehoff
Kingsport, Tennessee

THE PENUMBRA

Gentlemen:

...The impudent gall displayed by that crew of scoundrels questioning the motives of Colonel North and the competence of Judge Bork goes beyond belief, especially the hero of Chappaquiddick. To put the interests of our country first is, in Yankeedom, a criminal act. And these sons of the witch and Quaker burners would fill our courts with judges expert in the Spirit World, something like theologians or Hindu Gurus, so that they can find things in the Constitution that are hidden from ordinary mortals and exist only in the Spirit World, the penumbra; things the legislature does not dare enact.

There were a few good patriotic men from Yankeedom on these committees, Senator Gordon Humphrey and Congressman Jim Courter (Republican) from New Jersey, come to mind...

E.B.Linthicum
Chicago Heights, Illinois

EARNESTLY IGNORANT

Gentlemen:

Mr. Landess' allusion to "the earnestly ignorant" in his recent article "Sexuality and the New Church" is particularly appropriate in this an election year.

Southern conservatives find election years especially aggravating inasmuch as they are reminded of the most brilliant political victory by the northern liberals in American politics this century, namely fooling the South into supporting the liberal platform. This feat was accomplished largely through manipulation of "the earnestly ignorant" in the South. Only of late have Southerners realized the folly of embracing leftist political ideology which constitutes the antithesis of their traditional beliefs. Until entirely too recently, northern liberals--champions of socialism, homosexuality, atheism, pacifism, and social illnesses of various other descriptions--could smugly have counted upon relatively solid Southern support in a presidential election.

One is not surprised to learn that crooked values would enjoy popularity in the North. Then again, one is only mildly surprised to learn that as many as half of the people wearing dresses in New York City are actually women. That the South would buy the same set of values without asking any questions, however, causes one both surprise and disappointment.

I suppose it is the incongruity of it all that also makes the situation frustrating. That the Southerner who is sincere in his worship of God would also support the abolition of prayer in school; that the Southern rebel would happily be manacled by an omnipotent government; and that a people generally reared to approach society with deference would also support the malicious affront to society posed by, say, militant homosexuality are collectively most puzzling.

Yes, you've got to take your hat off to those northern liberals--what a con job! "The earnestly ignorant" would do well to learn to ask questions; preferably before going anywhere near the voting booths.

Scott K. Gibson, III
Washington, D.C.

EPISCOPAL MESS

Gentlemen:

Recently, you sent me a copy of the "Southern Partisan", Fall/Winter 87-88, for which I thank you. I'm much taken by the article by Tom Landess, concerning the Episcopal Church. The Church has been a mess for the last 10-15 years; I don't know what can be done about it; but at least someone prominent is speaking out.

Frank Bourne
Knoxville, Tennessee

PARTISAN VIEW

RICHARD QUINN

TOMMIE

When we decided to launch *The Southern Partisan* into the world, one of the first names that came to mind as a good catch for membership on an advisory board of senior editors was William D. Workman, Jr. who, at the time, I knew mostly by reputation. Boldly I called his home and made an appointment.

Bill received me graciously (he is capable by nature of nothing less) and agreed to join our *Partisan* fellowship. Somehow I knew he would.

But the most lingering memory I have of that day I first met with Bill is the powerful image of Tommie Workman, his wife. She would not mind the use of the possessive pronoun "his" wife, for that was a role she accepted with pride and devotion even though, as I was later to learn, she was a scholar and teacher in her own right whose students and colleagues probably identified Bill as Tommie's husband. And he was equally delighted to be known in the possessive, for indeed they belonged to each other. Bill and Tommie were a team.

But I was struck that day by Tommie's enormous eyes. When she fixed you in the lock of those eyes, after a few moments of conversation, there was nothing of consequence about you that she hadn't absorbed and filed in her perfect memory. They were hungry eyes, always curious, dancing as she briefed you on her latest interest; great, expressive eyes that knew exactly what you were saying long before your mere words got you there; and sometimes even before you knew exactly where your words were taking you. She was there waiting politely for you to arrive.

Even though she was the most Southern of ladies, her speech was rat-a-tat fast, almost as quick as her eyes. A conversation with Tommie was a total engagement. The talk was never small. It was lively and a source of great satisfaction.

Tommie Workman's name never appeared on our masthead, although now that I think about it, certainly it should have, because she became extremely important to us. Our editors met at her home. She fed us fried chicken and tossed out so many ideas (and good ones) that our "Things To Do" list will forever be influenced by the fertility of her mind.

Original readers of the *Partisan* will recall an occasional essay by Tommie, officially known as Rhea T. Workman, PhD. Her main interest was medieval history, art and literature, especially Ireland, whose people and history she loved. In fact, she spent her last years developing lectures on "A Christian Millenium: The Celtic Trace." Tommie Workman was among a handful of scholars who knew that the spirit of the Old South was considerably enriched by the Celtic tradition. We wanted her to write on that subject for the *Partisan*. She always said that she would get around to doing that later. Other things, especially Bill's health, took more immediate priority.

Finally Tommie Workman ran out of time. She died on Saturday night, September 17, 1988 at a hospital called Providence.

In the early issues of the *Partisan* Bill Workman wrote a column for us, until his declining health made that chore too much of an imposition for us to ask. He never would have said no.

Tommie's role in all this was without regular byline. She never cared about that. But the personality of the journal you hold in your hand was shaped by her in discernible ways--or at least we hope it was.

We hope that some measure of her quick wit, her love of language and her fascination with history will continue to live on these pages. She made her mark here and everywhere else she cared to and that was many places indeed--on many minds and hearts.

For years, she was professor of English at Columbia College until her retirement in the late 1970's. After her retirement in 1978, we saw evidence of the way Tommie balanced her life when she was voted Mother of the Year. Her son is now mayor of Greenville, South Carolina, and her daughter a successful media producer.

By any measure, Tommie Workman was extraordinary. "She held her classes in awe," a colleague said, "principally because of her superior intellect. She spoke rapidly, at length and at depth. Students used to say if they dropped a pencil they got a semester behind."

She also held us in awe--and now in sorrow, although we have some imcomplete sense of how delighted she must be with the splendid company she now enjoys. We also know that she will continue to watch over Bill who needs our special prayers now, for he has survived his Tommie.

FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES

ELECTION '88

By Gordon Jackson

Host to both the Democratic and Republican conventions, the South has been assured a continuing place in the spotlight throughout the election by Michael Dukakis' selection of Lloyd Bentsen as his running mate. What had been conceded to be Republican stronghold in presidential elections has now been declared a battlefield. Dukakis' southern strategy may well backfire on him, however, as Bentsen may prove to be of little help anywhere but Texas, and perhaps unable to deliver his home state.

The Democrats almost certainly will take it to George Bush in Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky and perhaps Florida (Dukakis figures his mastery of Spanish will serve him well in Florida's Latin communities). Depending on their assessment of the size and commitment to Democratic victory of Jesse Jackson's following, Democrats may put some time and money into the deep South as well.

Their resources would probably be better spent in California, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio and New Jersey. Bentsen's fellow Texans feel considerable kinship with him, but that may not translate into Democratic votes when they realize he cannot get them an oil import fee. Dukakis has adamantly opposed such a boon to domestic oil producers, and is unlikely to alienate his core supporters in the oil-consuming New England states. Texas is slowly but surely pulling out of its 3-year long recession with a more diversified economy, and when it becomes clear that the Democrats can deliver neither protection from foreign oil producers nor any other program especially tailored to Texas' needs, the trend toward Republicanism in the Lone Star state is likely to continue apace.

The other oil-patch states, Louisiana and Oklahoma, hold no particular brief for Lloyd Bentsen, and if he's got no pork for them there's no reason to think these states will break away from the Republican bloc. The remaining southern states can, like Texas, Louisiana, and Oklahoma, be characterized as conservative conservatism of a populist and ideological hue. Boiled down, the South is Christian and partiotic, and the big-business conservatism of Lloyd Bentsen (he out-distances the field in PAC contributions) isn't likely to strike these populist chords.

Unfortunately for Republicans, neither is the eastern seaboard aristocrat George Bush the dreamboat of southern conservatives, although his presence in New Orleans, may have done much to change that. In his acceptance speech, he spoke as clearly as he ever has to the concerns of social conservatives--abortion, school prayer, gun control and the like--though he declined to draw distinct contrasts between himself and Michael Dukakis on national security questions.

Bush has been comfortable taking a hard line on foreign policy for about a year now, so this omission in his speech (which on balance was excellent--a signal accomplishment for speech writer Peggy Noonan, author of the Reagan Challenger and Normandy speeches) no doubt will be remedied during the remainder of the campaign. Republican anxiety will more properly attach to how Dan Quayle's dodge of Vietnam service will play in the South.

Everyone who remembers 1969 knows why Quayle joined the Guard, and his dissembling on the subject only does him harm. Most everyone will also recall, however, that by '69 it was clear that the United States was not trying to win the war and that being sent over there was simply being made into cannon fodder for no good reason. Reserve duty seemed an eminently reasonable alternative at the time. But will Southerners think so? In Vietnam, as in every other war, they did a disproportionate share of the fighting and dying out of a sense of duty and honor. My guess is that they will exonerate Quayle, but Bush will be sweating that one out all the way to November.

Bush's speech also neglected another formidable aspect of the Democratic Menace: the opportunity to control the Federal judiciary again. There are two overriding issues in the 1988 election: Will the Democrats be allowed to muck up the economy again; and will Michael Dukakis be allowed to install a liberal activist Supreme Court that will rule into the 21st Century (swing vote Byron White is likely to retire in the next four years along with liberals Brennan, Marshall and Blackmun)? Twenty years ago Richard Nixon launched his highly successful strategy by running against the activist Warren Court. George Bush can do the same thing. He can ride a solid South to victory in November, but he has to identify the enemy and rouse the troops. Southerners are fighting men, but if they don't hear the bugle call they might just stay home and go fishing.

TRIVIUM

TOM LANDESS

Tom Landess is on leave from the ***Partisan*** *while occupying a post with the government in Washington. Matthew Sandel will be standing in for our Associate editor during his absence.*

TILTING AT STATUES

According to an old legend, when Alexander the Great found out there were no more worlds to conquer, he broke down and wept. Under similar circumstances, the NAACP declares war on the dead.

In recent years they have been involved in suits to eliminate the Confederate flag from public display, and now they are demanding that Forrest Park in Memphis be dismantled, that the statue of General Nathan Bedford Forrest be hauled away, and that the remains of the General and his wife be dug up and removed from public property. This kind of petulant nastiness is a sure sign that the civil rights movement is over. For the NAACP there are no more real worlds to conquer--only the inner world of a growing black paranoia.

Not that the NAACP ever conquered any worlds. Oh, it won a few skirmishes here and there; but in the 1950's and 1960's when Martin Luther King and Ralph Abernathy were getting their houses blown up and their heads shot away, the NAACP was hanging back at some distance, peering furtively out from behind a court injunction. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference integrated the South. The NAACP's job was to integrate the North, and the North is still segregated. If you don't think so, ask the black folks in Yonkers, New York.

But instead of mustering all their forces and converging on Yonkers or Chicago or Boston to do their part, the NAACP is trampling out the vintage in Memphis, talking about their hurt feelings, trying to desecrate a couple of white graves. Who does Benjamin Hooks think he's kidding? Since the late 60's, when Martin Luther King left Chicago with a knot on his head and a meaningless promise from Richard Daley, no black leader has had the courage to try to integrate the North. Hooks and Joseph Lowery have flown to New York or Washington or Chicago to attend fundraising dinners and make speeches in front of liberal support groups, but the last big march anybody made was in Forsyth, Georgia, where 10,000 people demonstrated against maybe a hundred Klansmen, and the whole cakewalk was guarded by enough Georgia state troopers to have driven Sherman back into southern Ohio.

As for Jesse Jackson, he stayed in Chicago for a few years, talked big, and dealt with Mayor Daley at the back door. If you don't think Jesse Jackson's a coward, ask Vernon Jarrett and a host of other genuinely militant Chicago blacks who hate him worse than they hate Ronald Reagan.

Meanwhile (as noted elsewhere in this issue), the North remains segregated--and *it always will;* because media newsmen have never wanted to change their own neighborhoods and because the current crop of black leaders have turned their backs on the problems of New York, Chicago, and Boston.

A bus is burned in Boston. Next day Hooks is calling his National Association for the Advancement of Comfortable People together to protest the flying of the battleflag at some Southern fraternity house.

Or trying to dig up the remains of Nathan Bedford Forrest and punish him for living, trading slaves, and fighting for the Confederacy over a hundred years ago.

Hooks and the others had better be careful. General Forrest had a will that often transcended merely mortal capacities. If they push him too far, he may just come roaring out of the grave one day, eyes flashing, teeth clenched--and then you will see some well-fed, middle-aged black men run like they haven't run in years, on their way to catch the train to Yonkers, to confront the challenge they have so cravenly avoided for so long.

OBITER DICTA

MARY C. SIMMS OLIPHANT

1891-1988

The South suffered a major loss in August with the death of Mrs. Mary C. Simms Oliphant of South Carolina. The granddaughter of noted author William Gilmore Simms, she was born in Barnwell, South Carolina in 1891 and died at her home in Greenville, South Carolina. Known to six generations of family and friends as Miss May, she offered guidance and inspiration to those who cherish the finest traditions of the South.

For over seventy years, the schools of South Carolina have used her histories of the state. The tradition began shortly after she finished the Unversity of South Carolina when the state superintendent of education complained to her that no one had produced a really good history of the state since her grandfather's edition in the first half of the nineteenth century. She accepted the challenge of bringing his history up to date, and the first edition of the revised Simms' *History of South Carolina* appeared in 1917.

Her greatest literary accomplishment came in the editing and publication of *The Letters of William Gilmore Simms*, which comprised five massive volumes and a later supplement. She would insist that we mention Alfred Taylor Odell and Duncan Eaves, who collaborated with her in the effort. She enjoyed a broad range of literary friends, including Donald Davidson, who wrote the introduction to the *Letters*. Davidson also wrote an "Ode to Woodlands," Simms' plantation home which Miss May maintained as the center of intellectual and cultural stimulation her grandfather intended.

Perhaps Miss May's greatest legacy lies in the people she influenced who continue to uphold the heritage she fought to save. This fascinating little lady always expected the most from people. The last time we had tea, she escorted me to the door. As I bent over to receive my parting kiss she exhorted me, "Be good, my darling, if you can, but by all means be interesting!" We shall never see her like again.

—Harry Poe

DE JURE IS OUT

According to *U.S. News and World Report,* a survey conducted by the University of Chicago reveals that the twenty most segregated cities in America are:

1. GARY-HAMMOND, INDIANA
2. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
3. CLEVELAND, OHIO
4. DETROIT, MICHIGAN
5. MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
6. NEW YORK, NEW YORK
7. Fort Lauderdale, Florida
8. NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
9. PATERSON-CLIFTON, NEW JERSEY
10. St. Louis, Missouri
11. Los Angeles, California
12. BUFFALO, NEW YORK
13. Kansas City, Missouri
14. PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
15. Atlanta, Georgia
16. DAYTON, OHIO
17. Miami, Florida
18. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
19. Dallas-Fort Worth, Texas
20. JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

De jure may still be out. But *de facto* is that the most segregated region in America is .....the North (13-7).

THE FLYING TARHEELS

If North Carolina's cautious Governor Jim Martin has his way, the tarheel slogan "First in Flight" may take on a whole new meaning. One of our readers (Donnie Aycock of Kenly, North Carolina) has shared with us a letter he received from the Governor explaining the executive decision to ban the sale of Confederate flag license plates at state licenced stores. "It is not appropriate", the Governor said, "for the State to market or promote flag emblems other than those with the flag of North Carolina or the United States of America." The Governor was concerned that the sale of popular Confederate Battle Flag license plates might "insult" some of the citizenry.

Meanwhile, over in Fayetteville, North Carolina, the Governor's high anxiety is matched by that of Dr. Elton Hendricks, President of Methodist College, who abruptly cancelled the scheduled performance of the 11th North Carolina Band at commencement exercises, when three black students calling themselves the "Black Student Move Ment" objected that the band was known to play in Confederate uniforms with the flags of the Confederacy. (Although, on this black tie occasion, the members of the band would have appeared in tuxedos without flags. But that didn't matter.)

Please keep in mind that the 11th North Carolina is a meticulously authentic group of musicians who play Southern period music with period instruments and they do so beautifully. In fact, one horn us-

ed by the group was the same horn played at Fort Sumter when the Union surrendered the Fort to General Beauregard. Their performance is a fascinating display of history as well as an impressive bit of musical entertainment.

But Elton Hendricks chose to insult this distinguished group of musicians, to insult everyone who loves the Old Southern songs, to insult the memory of hundreds of thousands of dead heroes and to insult every living resident of North Carolina who continues to cling to any remnant of pride in their ancestry---and all for fear that these aggressively ignorant students might carry picket signs during the commencement service.

In this collapse of honor, Governor Martin seems to share the timid predisposition of President Elton Hendricks. Meanwhile, the good people of North Carolina should consider doing something about these "leaders".

North Carolina has had better leaders. The reply of Governor John W. Ellis to the Union Secretary of War's early 1861 request for troops didn't emanate from the pen of a wimp: "I can be no party to this wicked violation of the laws of the country and to this war upon the liberties of a free people. You can get no troops from North Carolina!" Shortly thereafter, Ellis led his state out of the Union.

Given the current situation, unless North Carolina finds some modern day John Ellis' soon, they may as well alter the state slogan to read "the first to *take* flight."

MANASSAS UPDATE

As we go to press, victory in the Third Battle of Manassas seems to be in reach for the Save the Battlefield Coalition. A coded message from our Washington, D.C. (USA) contact reports that those opposing the building of a mall on the site of General Lee's Headquarters have opened up a three front campaign against the invading industrialists.

First, the Access Front. The proposal to block the interchange access to the site of the mall has passed the Congress, but must now go to the conference committee and then to the President.

Second, the Aquatic Front. The Coalition has persuaded the Army Corps of Engineers to put a stop-work order on a section of the site due to its status as "wetlands".

Third, the Acquisition front. A bill involving what is officially described as "legislative taking", in which the government acquires the land from the developer, has passed the House. But the bill still faces two hurdles: the approval of the Senate, where there is opposition; and the President's signature, which Interior Secretary Donald Hodel intends to try to withhold.

It seems that Secretary Hodel got his back up over the whole thing, and opposes the acquisition. He just doesn't think the site of Lee's Headquarters at Second Manassas is that important.

But maybe we shouldn't be so hard on Hodel (a native of Oregon) and the other Yankees who are working so deliberately to obscure the site. After all, if *we'd* gotten our clock cleaned twice on a piece of land, as badly as *they* did at Manassas, we wouldn't want to preserve it either!

BALLIARS AND VIRGINIA HOSPITALITY

"There were 51,000 American casualties at Gettysburg.

But, for the South, there was a much greater tragedy: the nobility of its sacrifice was matched only by the misjudgment of the cause.

Through force of arms, the South sought to sever the unity of our nation, and with it the legacy of our finest achievement: the American Constitution.

And here, the irony rests with Virginia, for 200 years ago---on June 25, 1788---Virginians ratified a new federal constitution.....and, yet, 75 years and a week later to the day, a Virginia army led by a Virginian arrived here intent upon dissolution of the Union.....

....One week ago in Richmond 20,000 people gathered...not to dwell on a painful and misbegotten war...We gathered because we can no longer afford the old fears, the old habits, and the old divisions..."

-------Remarks at the recent 125th Anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg.

So who was that speaking? Was it Jesse Jackson? Was it some Harvard history professor? Perhaps a Yankee politician? No, unfortunately these turgid words fell from the lips of a man who calls himself a Virginian. In fact, he is the Chief Executive of the State of Virginia, Governor Gerald Baliles.

But this one has a happy ending. Baliles was jeered during his remarks and the irate men in grey, there to participate in the Gettysburg re-enactment, asked him to leave the Virginia hospitality tent.

Clearly, our boys know how to treat a Scalawag Governor who, as Jerry Clower says, has been "educated beyond his intelligence."

UNITED SONS

The Sons of Confederate Veterans (SCV) met in convention in Columbia, South Carolina in August for what SCV insiders predicted would be more like a gangland rumble than a meeting of Southern Gentlemen.

But cooler heads prevailed, and delegates left the home of General Wade Hampton with a strong

sense of unity, recognizing that the enemy is without and within all are compatriots. In the spirit of the corps, the *Partisan* wishes to recognize two loyal readers. We congratulate outgoing Commander Ralph Green of Texas for his leadership, and we welcome the new Commander-In-Chief, William Earl Faggert of Heidelberg, Mississippi, to the helm. We also congratulate Military Order of the Stars and Bars Commander-In-Chief John L. Echols for his service and welcome new Commander-In-Chief Edward Overton Cailleteau to his post.

SCALAWAG AWARD

When *Southern Magazine* first came out, those of us who publish *The Southern Partisan* were pleased.

Oh, sure, we had to fight back the demons of envy when we learned that the group out of Arkansas that published *Southern Magazine* had millions of dollars at their disposal, while there we were digging coins out of the creases of our old sofa every three months, always in terror that we might not find enough cash to keep the presses running. Still, we were happy that a mainline monthly big-budget publication was emerging which promised to take a friendly attitude toward the South--to defend our traditions and our history--and to give good Southern writers an outlet for their work without first requiring them to celebrate Appomattox and to use *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as their ideological stylebook.

Well, *Southern Magazine* finally appeared and as each month passed, the painful truth became more and more obvious: it was a booby-trap, journalism's equivalent of the Trojan horse. Naively we let the thing into our living rooms and on to our coffee tables, expecting the rare gift of fairness toward the South. But when we opened its pages, at almost every turn, one of those ugly little anti-Southern biases would hop out and bite us on the nose.

Of course, we should have known better. As soon as we heard about all those millions of dollars behind *Southern Magazine*, we should have been more than a little suspicious. Most of the money in the South these days is New South money, which means it is money made by people who regard the South primarily as a market, an underdeveloped region where the most rural natives still chant with religious excitement when they hear the roar of bulldozers because their New South politicians have convinced them that industrial development alone can carve for them a path to the Promised Land. Too late they learn that the path really leads to Chicago and New York by way of Atlanta.

But *Southern Magazine* has become the journalistic voice of the New South. It is the devil speaking with a Southern accent, telling us all about how unique we are in trivial ways; how we talk different and like different foods; and how we're more likely to putter in the garden and be friendly to strangers; and how very colorful we all are. Then, just when the clever devil has us trusting him with all that folksy faint praise, he strikes suddenly at the vital pumping heart of what truly makes the South different. He tries to extinguish our claim to veracity on all the important issues of history.

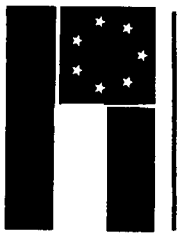
So far, we've seen *Southern Magazine* endorse the conventional Yankee view that the War Between the States was a holy war fought against slavery (it wasn't); then they conceded that the Confederate Battle Flag today is a symbolic display of belligerent segregationism (it isn't); and finally they have acknowledged that the South has a special burden of racial guilt unique in the nation (it doesn't).

We have seen all these malicious arguments before on the pages of magazines with names like *New Yorker* and *Harper's* and *Atlantic*. It is a particular insult to hear all that tired old nonsense repeated in a magazine called *Southern*.

For all those reasons, our Scalawag this time goes collectively to all the Southerners who work at *Southern Magazine* (if there are any) for their effort to trivialize the South; for their cynical attempt to make a buck off their region's superficial qualities without risking a defense of its soul; and for giving us nothing more than the same old Yankee gospel sung by writers who try to sound like goodolboys.

HOW SCANDAL BANKROLLED THE BINGHAMS ★ WILL NUNN RUN?
PLUS ROY BLOUNT JR., WILLIAM PRICE FOX, AND MORE
SOUTHERN
MAGAZINE
ISN'T IT TIME FOR A NEW FLAG?
AND OTHER SYMBOLIC QUESTIONS

On the cover of one issue (June 1987) *Southern Magazine* even displayed a battle flag deliberately ripped in the middle to reveal the rhetorical question: "Isn't It Time For a New Flag?" Well, no it isn't, thank you. But the time has come for us to ask their publisher a similar question: Isn't It Time You Stopped Calling Yourself *Southern?*



CSA TODAY

*Note: If you have interesting news items or events you want publicized, The **Partisan** would be glad to print them (space permitting). You may send your news items or releases to the attention of CSA Today, **Southern Partisan**, Post Office Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211.*

ARKANSAS

Ed and Bonnie Mae Hatley want to move. So, they've run an ad in the paper where they want to *go* asking everyone *there* to send them 10¢. Their goal is $15,000.

So far, they've collected only $4.20. That serves them right I guess for such a strange idea, and such strange travel plans. They want to leave beautiful Bentonville, Arkansas for San Francisco, California. Maybe they should sterilize that money they received from San Francisco before they handle it too much.

Redshirt freshman wide receiver Chuck Monk wants to move too. But his plans amount to pigskin treason. He left the University of Arkansas football team in late August and enrolled at Arkansas State! Monk was recruited by both schools after his graduation from East Poinsett High School, where he ran (Southern football teams run) for 1,595 yards and 16 touchdowns as a senior. Arkansas coach Ken Hatfield appears to be in the dark. He told the press that he understood that Monk went *home*.

October

Barbershop Singing Convention
(October 8)
Mountain View, Arkansas
(501) 269-3851

43rd Annual Wild Turkey Calling Contest and Turkey Trot Festival
(October 14-15)
Yellville, Arkansas
(501) 449-4676

Popular Songs: 1800-1940
(October 16)
Mountain View, Arkansas
(501) 269-3851

November

2nd Annual Salute to Arkansas Songwriters
(November 5)
Mountain View, Arkansas
(501) 269-3851

1st Annual Tournament for Folks That Can't Play on Sunday
(November 7-12)
Bismarck, Arkansas
(501) 865-3711

53rd Annual World's Championship Duck Calling Contest and Wings Over The Prairie Festival
(November 22-26)
Stuttgart, Arkansas 72160
(501) 673-1602

ALABAMA

This summer Mr. and Mrs. Ferris Green moved to Birmingham from New York. They bought a huge, split-level with a guest house in the back, returned to Manhattan, packed their things, and came rolling back to Alabama ready to become instant Southerners.

Three months later they explained why they are still living in the guest house.

"It's just the thought of its having been in there," said Mrs. Green with a shudder, "or whatever it was. I think it was *under* the house, but Ferris is convinced it was in the ducts. In a way it doesn't really matter."

Ferris, who is smaller than his wife and wears rimless glasses, shook his head.

"I'd move in tomorrow," he said, "But mother here is still afraid, so neither of us would get a wink. I've been in the big house every day since we got here, and in the past month I haven't heard it make a peep."

The "it" to which the Greens refer is "some kind of big animal breathing like it's asleep." They heard it the first night they were in the house, and four days later they moved into the bungalow in the back, which has a 9 x 12 bedroom, a breakfast nook, and (according to Mrs. Green) a kitchen "too small for me to walk in frontways."

"Exterminators treated the house and we moved back in," said Mr. Green. "But whatever chemical they used just made it breathe irregular. The whole house started trembling."

Neighbors theorize it's nothing more than a squirrel or chipmunk, but the Greens say no small animal could have made such a hefty noise, which they agree is "something between a growl and a snore."

"I think it's under the house," said Mrs. Green, "and I think it's a hippopotamus."

FLORIDA

Did you ever wonder what these folks who win lotteries do with their money? According to the Hillsboro County sheriff's office, Mrs. Mary Ellen Futch, 64, planned to use some of the $5 million she won in a Canadian lottery to have her daughter-in-law killed.

"She negotiated a contract with our undercover detective for $5,000," said Jack Espinosa, a spokesman for the sheriff, explaining why Mrs. Futch was being held without bond in the Hillsboro County Jail.

Daughter-in-law Peggy Futch seemed surprised by the accusations.

"She was over here yesterday, laughing and drinking coffee," said the younger Mrs. Futch. "We had our spats, but I would apologize to her or she would apologize to me. That's why I was so shocked."

Espinosa would not speculate on the motive for the alleged crime, but if Mrs. Futch is guilty, something her son said might provide an insight into her reasons.

"She never would let me have any friends," said 28-year-old Henry

Futch. "She would always chase them off whenever I would bring one home."

October

Country Jubilee
(October 22)
Largo, Florida
(813) 676-5443

Brandon Balloon Festival
(October 14-16)
Brandon, Florida
(813) 272-7769

Cajun Classic Bass Tournament
(October 21-23)
Lake Wales, Florida
(305) 425-0045

November

25th Annual Florida Seafood Festival
(November 4-5)
Apalachicola, Florida
(904) 653-8051

Deerfest '88
(November 11-13)
Deerfield Beach, Florida
(305) 427-1050

Florida State Fair
(November 5-6)
Kissimmee, Florida
(305) 933-2173

GEORGIA

Amy Carter ("We remember her.") is off to college this year. ("But wasn't she off to college last year?") *This* year she's going to Memphis College of Art. ("Art? We thought she was studying politics and feminist studies at Brown.") Hush. According to the *Memphis Commercial Appeal,* she's interested in art, ballet, movies, the violin, and reading. (A versatile little booger.)

President John Slorp explained why she chose Memphis College of Art: "She picked a school and ...we lie in her area of interests."

And in addition, she could get in.

October

Andersonville Historic Fair
(October 1-2)
Andersonville, Georgia
(912) 924-2558

Big Pig Jig
(October 7-8)
Vienna, Georgia
(912) 268-4554

19th Annual Sorghum Festival and Parade
(October 7-9, 14-16, 21-23)
Blairsville/Fort Sorghum, Georgia
(404) 745-4745

25th Annual Georgia Peanut Festival
(October 8)
Sylvester, Georgia
(912) 776-7238

Fair of 1850
(October 26-November 8)
Lumpkin, Georgia
(912) 838-6310

November

Southern Comforts Quilt Show
(November 4-5)
Americus, Georgia
(912) 924-4476

Greater Augusta Stamp Show
(November 12-13)
Augusta, Georgia
(404) 865-5340

KENTUCKY

Officer Michael Ghrist of Louisville is in a heap of trouble. It seems that over the past 6 years he has written more than 1,000 traffic tickets for folks who don't exist.

His superiors began to suspect something was wrong when they noticed that far too many of his citations were being returned to the State Department of Transportation, marked "undeliverable." An investigation turned up at least 1,000 such fakes, and Officer Ghrist was called in for questioning. His explanation was simple: he just couldn't bear to stop real people, so he started stopping fictional ones.

"I just couldn't bring myself to write tickets," he told the *Louisville Courier-Journal.* "I had a conscience. I had a heart. I started seeing the human beings behind the driver's wheel."

Ghrist, who has already received a Mayor's Award for outstanding public service, is a big hero with Louisville motorists, who are smiling over the whole controversy, but Judge Donald Smalley was quoted as saying, "We don't think it's so humorous." Meanwhile, Ghrist has been reassigned to a patrol car that cruises the highway assisting stranded motorists.

"Helping old ladies with flat tires," he said. "That's the kind of work that suits me."

October

Sheep-to-Shawl
(October 3-16)
Harrodsburg, Kentucky
(606) 734-5411

Perryville Battlefield Re-Enactment
(October 7-9)
Perryville, Kentucky
(606) 332-8631

'Lasses Makin'-Country Music Gatherin'
(October 7-9)
Renfro Valley, Kentucky
(606) 256-2664

November

Fall Fishing Unlimited Tournament
(November 4-6)
Jamestown, Kentucky
(502) 343-3111

North American International Livestock Exposition
(November 5-19)
Louisville, Kentucky
(502) 588-3166

Moonshine of Land Between the Lakes
(November 12)
Golden Pond, Kentucky
(502) 924-5602

LOUISIANA

Asked to evaluate the Republicans in the wake of the Republican National Convention, a longtime New Orleans bellhop was quoted as saying, "There was more drinking and less sex than in any convention I ever saw."

October

3rd Annual Beauvoir Fall Muster
(October 14-16)
Biloxi, Mississippi
Beauvoir-Jefferson Davis Shrine
(601) 388-1313

Jefferson Davis Parish Fair
(October 5-9)
Jennings, Louisiana
(318) 824-8181

Cajun Country Outdoor Opry
(October 14-16)
Houma, Louisiana
(504) 872-0297

Louisiana State Fair
(October 21-30)
Shreveport, Louisiana
(318) 635-1361

Louisiana Yambilee
(October 23-30)
Opelousas, Louisiana
(318) 948-8848

November

Louisiana Swine Festival
(November 3-6)

Basile, Louisiana
(318) 432-5437

Louisiana Pecan Festival
(November 4-5)
Colfax, Louisiana
(318) 627-5196

Destrehan Plantation Fall Festival
(Novmber 12-13)
Destrehan, Louisiana
(504) 764-9315

MARYLAND

Ten years ago, Pamela Rodgers escaped from a work release program in South Carolina, moved to Baltimore, changed her name to Kay Smith, and started a new life. That all ended in May when she was caught.

Her ex-husband, while himself in police custody for murder in Idaho, alerted authorities to her location.

Returning to South Carolina for sentencing, she stood before the same judge who sentenced her ten years ago. She told the judge that she was a different person than she was then, that she was active in civic and school affairs, and that she was a successful real estate agent.

Judge Frank Eppes remembered her standing before him a decade earlier as a young alcoholic drug addict guilty of five armed robberies. He agreed that she had been rehabilitated and sentenced her to one year in prison and to serve the remainder of her earlier prison term. She is expected to be paroled in 1990, and Maryland and South Carolina officials are working on a plan by which she will be allowed to serve her prison sentence in Maryland, close to her family.

October

Maryland Oktoberfest
(October 8-9)
Baltimore, Maryland
(301) 477-8237

Fall Apple Festival
(October 16)
Baltimore, Maryland
(301) 837-4636

Run for the Pride
(October 16)
Baltimore, Maryland
(301) 882-5455

November

Baltimore Blast Indoor Soccer Opener
(early November)
Baltimore, Maryland
(301) 528-0100

International Christmas Show
(November 10-12)
Baltimore, Maryland
(301) 955-5924

Christmas Decorating in the Colonial Style
(November 5)
Baltimore, Maryland
(301) 837-3262

MISSISSIPPI

Sister Grace Mary McGuire of Jackson delivers donated appliances and furniture to the needy. In late August, she suffered a setback, however. Her 1983 Chevy Custom Van was stolen and wrecked. But thanks to Tom Desper, a local car dealer, she's back in business with a replacement truck.

October

Mississippi State Fair
(October 4-15)
Jackson, Mississippi
(601) 961-4000

Fall Pilgrimage
(October 7-21)
Natchez, Mississippi
(601) 446-6631

Flea Market
(October 12)
Canton, Mississippi
(601) 859-8055

November

Peter Anderson Art Festival
(November 4-5)
Ocean Springs, Mississippi
(601) 875-4424

Antique Forum
(November TBA)
Natchez, Mississippi
(601) 445-8488

Scottish Highland Games
(November 18)
Biloxi, Mississippi
Biloxi Chamber of Commerce

MISSOURI

As usual, the federal courts are in league with the devil. This time, they have meddled in the lives of the people of Purdy, an Ozark community of 928 people. Ever since the oldest inhabitant can remember, there has always been a law in Purdy prohibiting high school dances. You can ask anybody, and they'll tell you that's so. Now Judge Russell Clark of the U.S. District Court in Springfield has stuck his nose into the matter and has ruled that "prohibiting students from holding dances on school property infringes on the First Amendment rights of the students and must be invalidated."

In other words, the folks in Purdy have got to allow rock-and-roll in their schools (though Judge Clark didn't say they had to sponsor it or even like it).

Purdy--in case you don't know--is located about 30 miles north of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, where, in 1862, the Yankees won one of their most important battles. Now, 126 years later, the folks in Purdy are going to suffer the consequences of that victory: Last time we heard, the kids were trying to book The Grateful Dead.

October

Missouri State Old-Time Fiddling Championship
(October 1)
Columbia, Missouri
(314) 874-7475

Arrow Rock Historic Site Crafts Fair
(October 8-9)
Arrow Rock, Missouri
(800) 334-6946

Prairie View Festival
(October 14-16)
St. Joseph, Missouri
(816) 232-8471

November

Hannibal Historic Folklife Festival
(November 5-6)
Hannibal, Missouri
(314) 221-6545

American Royal Livestock Horse Show and Rodeo
(November 4-19)
Kansas City, Missouri
(816) 221-9800

Ozarks Music Awards
(November 7)
Branson, Missouri
(417) 334-5161

NORTH CAROLINA

North Carolinians have frequently referred to their state as "a valley of humility between two mountains of conceit," but in the past couple of years they have been getting more and more uppity; and people in South Carolina and Texas are pretty mad. It seems that in both the Palmetto State and the Lone Star State a new bank has gobbled up an old bank and is now calling itself "NCNB." The trouble is,

the banks gobbled up were Banker's Trust of South Carolina and the First Republic Bank (in honor of the Republic of Texas) and NCNB stands for "North Carolina National Bank." That means that in both these proud states, folks are borrowing money from strangers.

"It's outrageous," said Fred Smith of Columbia. "They could have at least called it the 'Carolina National Bank'. It's that 'North' that sticks in my craw." And David Maraniss, writing in the *Washington Post,* says "The largest bank in Texas has been reduced to a western outpost of Tarheel capital."

North Carolinians are trying not to rub it in. As one Tarheel banker told us: "They ought to be grateful we bailed them out. At least we're kinfolks. It ain't as if we were the Chase Manhattan Bank."

"Of course," he added with a smile, "we *are* thinking about making them tip their hats every time they make a withdrawal."

October

Thomas Wolfe's Birthday Celebration
(October 3)
Asheville, North Carolina
(704) 253-8304

5th Annual John Blue Cotton Festival
(October 14-15)
Laurinburg, North Carolina
(919) 276-0412

5th Annual Lexington Barbecue Festival
(October 29)
Lexington, North Carolina
(704) 243-2629

Eastern North Carolina Ugly Pickup Truck Contest
(Late October)
Clinton, North Carolina
(919) 592-1961

November

17th Annual Folk Festival USA
(November 5-6)
Louisburg, North Carolina
(919) 496-2521

4th Annual World Championship Red Drum Fishing Tournament
(November 18-21)
Cape Hatteras, North Carolina
(919) 393-8185

25th Annual Lake Norman Fiddler's Convention and Buck Dance Contest
(November 24)
Terrell, North Carolina
(704) 478-2498

Christmas at Biltmore
(November 27-December 31)
Asheville, North Carolina
(704) 255-1700

OKLAHOMA

Things got pretty exciting at the Gilliam Pharmacy in Oklahoma City recently. It seems that the highly explosive substance peptic was discovered there, where it had been for 20 years. Park Street was blocked off and over 300 people were evacuated from buildings as experts removed the substance.

The people of Locust Grove greet with mixed emotions the announcement that Camp Scott will be sold. The 180 acre camp is the site of three unsolved Girl Scout murders in 1977, and is valued at $225,000.

October

Tulsa State Fair
(October 1-10)
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Oktoberfest
(October 22-25)
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Tulsa Run
(October 31)
Tulsa, Oklahoma

November

World Championship Quarter Horse Show
(November 12-19)
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
(405) 278-8900

American Bicycle Association's "Grand Nationals"
(November 24-28)
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
(405) 232-8871

National Reining Horse Futurity
(November 27-December 3)
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
(405) 278-8900

SOUTH CAROLINA

Columbia, South Carolina Mayor T. Patton Adams opened up a can of worms recently when he said in the *New York Times* that Columbia was known as "The Big Apple" long before New York City. Adams based his claim on the fact that The Big Apple nightclub in Columbia on Park Street was where the dance originated. The dance was the inspiration for the nickname for Columbia and for a song recorded in 1937 by Tommy Dorsey.

Adams has been enjoying the publicity. He has appeared on numerous talk shows in New York, and has been interviewed by ABC News.

But the most interesting point about the bantering back and forth over which is the true "Big Apple" is the bet between Columbia Mayor Adams and New York Mayor Koch. Koch has put up a New York style pizza and Adams has wagered a plate of central South Carolina mustard-based barbecue as the prize for the winner of the historical contest.

Koch had better be firing up those ovens! We know our history in these parts!

October

Anniversary of the Battle of King's Mountain
(October 7-9)
York County, South Carolina
(803) 936-7921

Pumpkin Festival
(October 8)
Pumpkintown, South Carolina
(803) 235-0229

South Carolina State Fair
(October 13-22)
Columbia, South Carolina
(803) 799-3387

November

Plantation Days
(November 12-13)
Charleston, South Carolina
(803) 556-6020

Chitlin' Strut
(November 26)
Sally, South Carolina
(803) 258-3331

Colonial Cup
(November 27)
Camden, South Carolina
(803) 432-6513

TENNESSEE

The Tennessee Valley Authority is in deep trouble these days, with massive layoffs announced already, and the prospect of more in the near future. The reason: It simply isn't earning its keep, and the Reagan Administration is not inclined to keep the whole venture afloat with massive transfusions of cash, not in a time when the national debt is on everybody's mind. So for Tennes-

seans, the period of high employment and low electricity rates may be coming to an end. Meanwhile, the news media are all but ignoring the plight of this once-proud experiment.

This benign neglect by the press is not typical. The agency came into being at the height of New Deal optimism, and for decades it was highlighted as the most spectacular example of how socialism can work to the benefit of the people. The proud old river was put in harness to supply cheap electricity. Resort areas were created. Barges came floating down from the Midwest, piled with corn and wheat. And Tennesseans paid less for the electricty than Ben Franklin. It was all a wonderful success story, told again and again, particularly around election time.

What the press didn't report during these years was the increasing difficulty of competing with private corporations like the Southern Railway, which developed the "Big John boxcar," a piece of technology that would have driven TVA out of business if the federal government hadn't prevented Southern from fully using its invention in fair competition. Thus, for years the people in the South paid more than they needed to for goods shipped down from Chicago and Detroit, just to protect the higher tariffs needed to keep TVA operational.

Now the cat is out of the bag and thousands of Tennesseans and Alabamians are out of their jobs. It's a sad ending to a program that, however flawed, was a longtime boon to those who lived in the Tennessee Valley. But the people there are as stubborn and determined as their river, which flows uphill part of the way and which hasn't been completely tamed, even by the federal government.

October

14th Annual Congress of Civil War Roundtables
(October 6-9)
Nashville, Tennessee
(501) 225-3996

Grand Ole Opry Birthday Celebration
(October 13-15)
Nashville, Tennessee
(615) 889-6600

National Storytelling Festival
(October 7-9)
Jonesboro, Tennessee
(615) 753-2171

Tenneessee Disc (Frisbee) Golf Championship
(October 2)
Fall Branch, Tennessee

November

Mid-South Civil War and Antique Military Show
(November 12-13)
Memphis, Tennessee
(901) 365-0644

Commemoration of President James K. Polk's Birthday
(November 6)
Columbia, Tennessee
(615) 388-2354

National Blues Music Awards Show
(November 13)
Memphis, Tennessee
(901) 527-2583

TEXAS

Every Wednesday about a dozen historians and archaeologists in El Paso meet for lunch to plan strategy. They have been doing this for 18 months, and they are determined to get what they want: Pancho Villa's skull. Villa, the Mexican revolutionary who once invaded the United States, was assassinated in 1923, and in 1926 some ghouls with strong stomachs managed to steal the skull from his final resting place. The El Paso folks believe that a bunch of Yalies ended up with that skull, that it is now in possession of Skull and Crossbones (a secret society at Yale), and that the Ivy Leaguers ought to give it back to Mrs. Villa, who--at the age of 92--is running out of time to be united with her husband's somewhat modified head.

Skull and Crossbones denies it has this memento, but what would you expect them to say, given the fact that George Bush is an alumnus of the club and there's an election coming up? And for some reason, Mrs. Villa doesn't seem interested in pursuing the matter. So at the moment the Texans are stymied. However, sources along the border report large shipments of arms coming in from Latin America, and it is rumored that members of the group have been pricing Hueys.

VIRGINIA

AIDS has accomplished something in the state of Virginia that the liberals have failed to do for decades: put required sex education into the public schools--kindergarten through the 12th grade. Under the guise of protecting young people from disease and unwanted pregnancy, such pressure groups as Planned Parenthood and SIECUS have insured that young Virginians will be indoctrinated with the idea that sex is value-free and can also be risk-free. The programs used in such an approach are often obscene and frequently contemptuous of parental involvement and religious strictures. Studies show that these programs are usually accompanied by a precipitous rise in teenage pregnancy --and that has already happened in Virginia.

But citizens groups are forming to fight these programs, county by county, district by district. One of the most powerful of these is the Virginia contingent of Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum. Helen Blackwell, wife of recent *Partisan* interviewee Morton Blackwell, is active in this group, which has already won a great victory in Alabama; and if you are a parent and live anywhere in the state, you might want to contact her, otherwise you might be a grandparent before your time.

October

Historic Appomattox Railroad Festival
(October 8-9)
Appomattox, Virginia
(804) 352-2338

Yorktown Day
(October 19)
Yorktown, Virginia
(804) 898-3400

Blue Ridge Folk Life Festival
(October 22)
Ferrum, Virginia
(703) 365-4417

November

Washington's Review of the Troops
(November 5)
Alexandria, Virginia

Virginia's First Thanksgiving Festival
(November 6)
Charles City, Virginia
(804) 747-1537

35th Annual Antique Show
(November 11-13)
Belle Haven, Virginia
(804) 787-2908

SOUTHERN SAMPLER

By William Freehoff

How To Write A Field Order

"Send more men and fewer orders."
Lt. Gen. T.J. Jackson to the CSA War Department

Unreconstructed To The Last

"It's been said that I should apply to the United States for a pardon, but repentance must precede the right of pardon, and I have not repented."
Jefferson Davis

On States' Rights

"The great mass of legislation relating to our internal affairs was intended to be left where the Federal Convention found it--in the state governments."
Andrew Jackson

On Minding Our Own Business

"Our first and fundamental maxim should be, never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe."
Thomas Jefferson

The Virginian

"With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, and my home."
R.E. Lee, 1861

On Blue Laws

"Any law made by the law-making power of the state intended to regulate a person's religious or civil conduct on Sunday, is in violation of the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, if not the letter."
Sam Houston

On Robert E. Lee

"We reserve the word 'noble' carefully for those whose greatness is not spent in their own interest."
Woodrow Wilson

PARTISAN DICTIONARY

By Robert Whitaker

"passing the buck"--see Webster's Dictionary

"divergence"--Southerners will tolerate different opinions about which is the true religion, but not about what is the true barbecue.

"North"--press distortion of former Lt. Colonel Oliver South's name.

"contempt of court"--attitude of any sane American.

"exaggeration"--a monstrous and unspeakable overstatement for which no decent human being could ever forgive himself.

"Campaign '88"--The Year of the Pet Rocks.

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The Trumpet Voice of Freedom:
Patrick Henry and the Southern Political Tradition

By M.E. Bradford

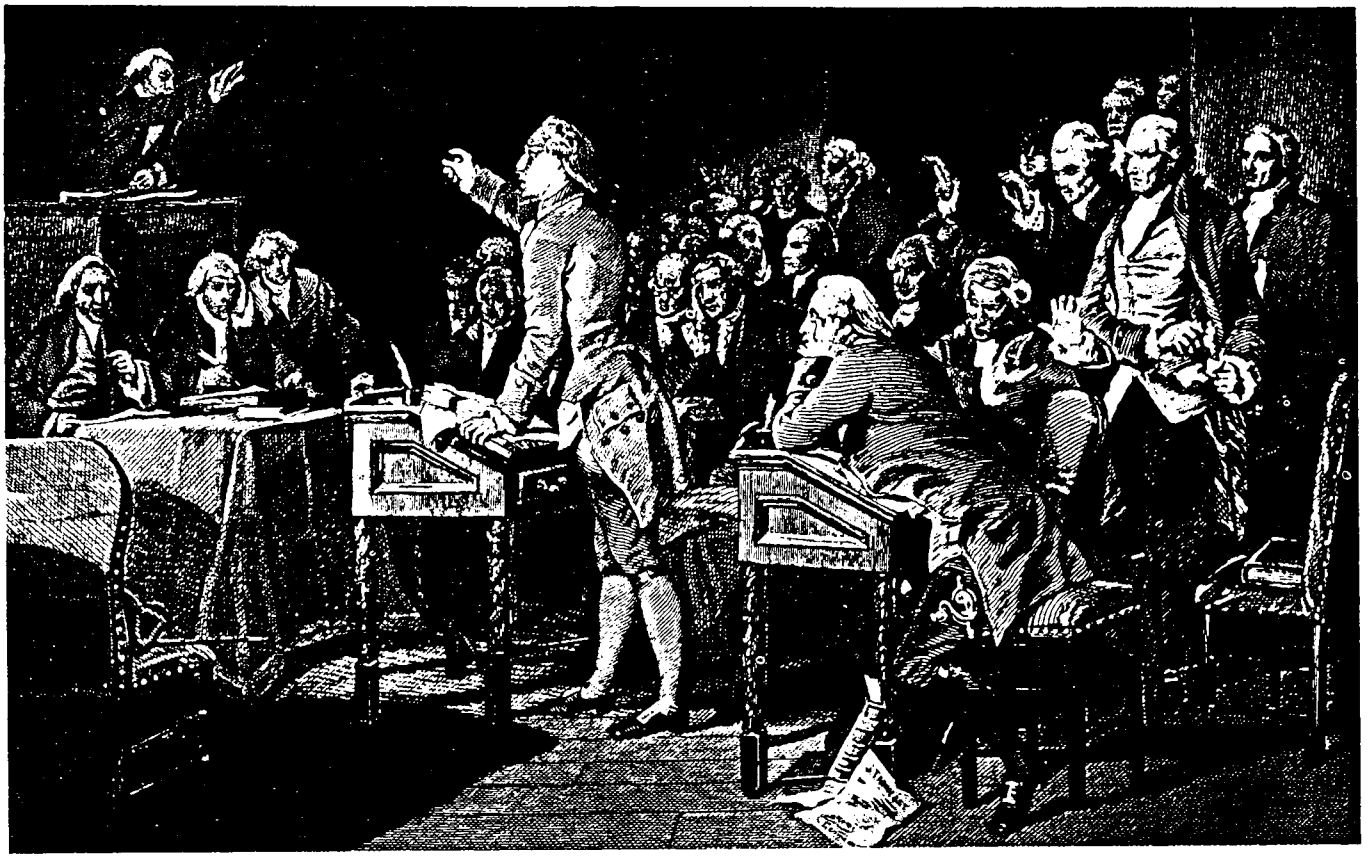
Patrick Henry (May 29, 1736--June 6, 1799). Lawyer, planter, soldier, lawgiver, governor and American statesman. The great moral engine of the American Revolution. A William Wallace bred up on the frontier. The rhetorician as hero, on the antique model of Demosthenes. A tireless champion of liberty as understood in the Piedmont by the farm folk who denominated him their chieftain. The most formidable of all the Americans who opposed ratification of the Constitution made in Philadelphia during the summer of 1787. In his standing among members of the Revolutionary generation, second only to George Washington--and even there by no more than a narrow margin. The point of reference among all the Antifederalists. Assuredly the most undervalued among the great figures of his portion of our national history, hidden from us by misinterpretation, calculation and malice because his conduct in opposing great concentrations of power teaches against the grain of our nation's subsequent development. Devoted to the notion of a freedom born, nurtured and sustained within a specific community by a particular historic experience among an identifiable people. Suspicious of theories of human rights deduced from first principles, abstracted from all inheritance, as in the France of the Jacobins, yet in his way more democratic than those Federalists who saw in him no more than a "demagogue in a red cloak and caul-bare wig." For Madison, "the great adversary." For others, "that overwhelming torrent," the trumpet voice which they feared as a natural force, however well they put a case against him. Populist and inveterate enemy of over-government. Possessed of an eloquence before which all men waited in near-breathless silence, as if struck dumb. The father of all that is characteristic in Southern politics.

Patrick Henry was the second son of Colonel John Henry, originally of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and of Sarah Winston Syme Henry of Studley, in Hanover County, Virginia. The Winstons were a well-known family of dissenters.

Young Patrick Henry learned dancing from his cousins, politics from conversation at the stores and in the churchyard, and oratory from the sermons of the Reverend Samuel Davies (the local Presbyterian leader) and the stump speeches of neighborhood magnates. For a time his father apprenticed him to a Scots merchant. Then he set him up with his brother William to keep a small store. In 1754, at the age of eighteen, Patrick married Sarah Shelton, had promises from Colonel Henry about lands to the west and was given a small farm of 300 acres with six slaves to keep it by his father-in-law, John Shelton. But the farm was too small and the slaves too few. Another store brought in only a little additional profit. Then Henry's house burned.

For a time Henry operated a tavern for Captain Shelton. He and his wife had three children and growing responsibilities. The young man who had listened and carefully considered the world around him measured his prospects and then, at the age of 23, decided to read law and prepare for a life before the bar. After a few months' study of the laws of Virginia and Sir Edward Coke's great compendium, Henry came to be examined by George Wythe, John Randolph and the other great men in Williamsburg, from whom he obtained the license which he first presented at Goochland Court House on April 15, 1760.

The young attorney was a quick and early success. In 1763 he earned about £200. In 1765-1766 that figure had been more than doubled. In addition, at



Courtesy of New York Public Library

least one of his early cases brought him fame. In Hanover County, with his father presiding on the bench, young Patrick replaced John Lewis, attorney for the collector of parish levies in a neighboring county, in the defense of a law allowing debtors to pay in either ready money or tobacco, fixing the price of that Virginia staple at a very low rate. It was known as the "Two-Penny Act." The Anglican clergy, who by established practice had been paid in pounds of tobacco, reacted to this measure and persuaded the Board of Trade in London to repeal the statute. But they also asked further that it be declared null and void *ab initio,* from the moment of its adoption. To this request the English authorities did not agree, leaving that issue to Governor Farquier, who left it to the Virginia courts.

At this point many of the clergy brought suit and the issue came to be called "the Parsons' Cause." Acting against the Reverend James Maury, pleading with the nervous passion and dramatic display of one who was himself affected by the issue, Patrick Henry took over this case after it had been for all intents and purposes, lost. Only the size of the judgment for the plaintiff remained to be settled when the youthful attorney rose to speak. Yet before he had finished, Henry had nullified the Rev. Maury's victory by persuading the jury to award that good man only a penny to redress his grievances. Those who had listened to the pathos of the young attorney's appeal to the conditions of life for the poor Virginia farmer carried him on their shoulders from the court--while Colonel Henry wept with pride to have seen such a triumph for his son.

The popular reports of this courtroom performance launched the eloquent Mr. Henry in his political career. In May of 1769 he was sworn in as a member from Louisa County of the House of Burgesses--the oldest of American elected assemblies. At that time Patrick Henry was twenty-nine years old. In the ordinary course of things he could expect to become a power in the Virginia legislature if he could continue to serve there for about twenty years. But this estimate does not take into account the unexpected influence of provocation from outside of Virginia--or a vigorous defense of the interests of the Old Dominion by a young man working from his post beyond the magic circle of established power and privilege, propelled by natural stages into a place of leadership within the commonwealth and pushed to the front rank in no more than a single term.

Once more, Patrick Henry up and speaking made the difference in his life and, for the first time, earned the esteem of the Whig leadership in the entire colony. For his was an art which, as it made him friends, also made enemies. Moreover, such distinction as could be won by advocating the Stamp Act Resolves could not be achieved without taking some risk of offending those in highest authority inside the established orbit: risk with respect to the royal governor; to Speaker John Robinson, who presided over the burgesses; to Attorney General Peyton Randolph and

his brother John Randolph; Richard Bland and Edmund Pendleton. Written by a group of young Whigs, these Resolves had thrown down the gauntlet--especially as they declared Parliament to be without a capacity to tax Americans. They were an alarm bell sounding throughout the colonies. Furthermore, they gave to their advocate a continental reputation --when on May 30, 1765, he reached beyond mere resolutions to comment (speaking of the courage, self-respect and determination of his neighbors) that "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell" and he could not doubt that "some American jealous of the liberties of his country would, in due course, appear." There is nothing of importance in the mature political doctrine of Patrick Henry that is not present directly or by implication in the Stamp Act Resolves.

Once news that the Stamp Act had been repealed reached Williamsburg on May 1, 1766, Henry entered into a period of consolidation in his career. Speaker John Robinson was dead and a new leadership had taken control of the House of Burgesses--a leadership which ensured for Patrick Henry a place of lasting political influence. Moreover, Peyton Randolph, Robinson's successor, was closer in his political opinions to Henry and his party than Robinson had ever been. The Revenue Act passed by Parliament in Great Britain made clear what the English leaders had meant by the Declaratory Act, a claim of power to legislate for Americans "in all cases whatsoever." The response of Henry and the new men in the Virginia legislature was a boycott on imported British merchandise--the Association of 1769. In a special session in Williamsburg, Henry helped set up the machinery for resistance to tyranny. These provocative British measures (including the tax on tea) were, by their authors in Parliament, aimed more at producing subordination than at generating revenue. They accomplished neither purpose. Instead, political tensions mounted, and the Grenville ministry was replaced by the less aggressive administration of Lord North. But all too late. For the Virginia House had, under external stimulus, maintained its right to petition the Crown, its right to communicate with other American legislatures, the right of the overseas English to be tried by their own neighbors, and its exclusive right to tax the people of Virginia.

Then in 1770 came another pause in the growing dispute between colonials and mother country as most provisions of the Revenue Act were repealed. But the damage had been done. In Parliament there was talk of bringing the American radicals to London for trial. In Massachusetts British troops had fired into a crowd, killing five civilians.

The point of transition in the dialectic between Whitehall and the American legislatures came in 1773. For a time, everything seemed peaceful. But in June of 1772, in Rhode Island, Americans burned the revenue cutter *Gaspee*. A court of inquiry was convened to determine responsibility for this crime--a court with power to transport Americans for trial in England. There was talk of trouble along the frontier, of a ring of counterfeiters caught and confined. Also there was a question of the authority of the royal governor, Lord Dunmore, to intrude upon the province of local officers in enforcing criminal justice. But none of these signified in comparison with the plan brought forward in the House of Burgesses which proposed a standing committee of correspondence and inquiry "whose business it shall be, to obtain the most early and authentic intelligence of all such acts and resolutions of the British Parliament, or proceedings of administration, as may ... affect the British colonies in America ... and keep up and maintain a communication with our sister colonies."

Patrick Henry and his friends included in these emergency measures a list of members for this committee. Such choosing put a machinery for revolution in place--one which functioned swiftly when, after tea was thrown into Boston harbor, the port of that city was closed to all commerce and a new garrison quartered upon it.

Protest meetings occurred in most Old Dominion counties; the Association moved toward enlargement into an embargo on all trade and suspension of payment on debts; and by the First Virginia Convention of August 1774 delegates were elected to serve in Philadelphia in a general Congress of all the colonies which were ready "to consider what is proper to be done."

Patrick Henry received the second largest vote for a place in this delegation, coming second by 107 to 104 behind the honored Speaker Peyton Randolph. With the gathering of a Congress to arrange for reaction in concert to the policies of the ministers of George III, Patrick Henry rejoiced, believing as he did that anything short of a readiness to resist in arms could not protect the inherited liberties of his fellow Americans. The lesson of 1688 was that tyranny is a festering sore, one which requires the lance and the heated iron. Only bloodshed could bring to Americans vindication for their self-respect as a free people.

After the adjournment of the First Continental Congress, Virginia counties began to form local committees of public safety or "inspection" to enforce the Association and to reorganize and strengthen the militia. Slowly, as more ominous news came from England, reports that all Americans less than totally submissive had in a "Proclamation for Suppressing Rebellion and Sedition" been declared "without the law," they gave up their hope of transatlantic accommodation. Yet there was still a great desire for peace among Virginians, unattached as it was to any policy.

In the Second Virginia Convention of March 1775, meeting in St. John's Church in Richmond, Henry kept this assembly fully aware of its military responsibilities. By the circumstances of that effort waged against such entrenched powers as Edmund Pendleton, Robert Carter Nicholas, and Benjamin Harrison, he was brought to the central moment in his career--the episode for which he is best remembered, which raised him to the level of mythic grandeur. Moved to anger even as he had been in Philadelphia by the delaying tactics of those who did not wish for complete independence, Patrick Henry exploded in eloquence in calling for fresh support of a "well-regulated militia" made up of "Gentlemen and Yeomen," the "natural strength and only security of a free Government." Such action, he suggested, would force the Virginia Convention to assume the responsibilities of government. "The clash of resounding arms," he predicted, would soon be heard in Boston. On March 23, Henry declared, "Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace....Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? I know not what course others may take, but as for me--give me liberty or give me death!" Those who listened to these words were left speechless--awestruck at being in the presence of the old heroic virtue, Roman and austere. Thereafter, everything Henry asked for was voted. And he was elected to the Second Continental Congress, an honor which he accepted with the provision that the declining physical condition of his wife might prevent his attendance.

On May 11, 1775, Henry rode out to take his seat in the Continental Congress. When he arrived in Philadelphia, he knew about the fighting between British troops and Massachusetts farmers at Lexington and Concord. While present in Congress, reports came to him of the valiant stand at Bunker Hill--reports of Yankee courage which led many Patriots to believe that independence might be achieved through American efforts alone. Yet Henry, ostensibly the incurable provincial, expected from the beginning to draw Europe into any war of independence. Indeed, he counted on such intervention for America's ultimate success against the great power of the British Empire. Once certain that his countrymen were resolved to defend their liberty, he could tolerate one last petition to the King, one that spoke for "the undoubted rights and true interests of these colonies."

George Washington went out from the Congress as Commander-in-Chief to organize an army. Henry was pleased to see such a commitment and gathered and dispatched business for his friend. He was caught up in the mood of military preparation and yearned for a place of his own in the forefront. His neighbors offered him just such an assignment when the Third Virginia Convention elected him colonel of the First Virginia Regiment and commander of state forces. In that situation (which he saw as an outlet for his highest ambitions), Henry continued from August 1775 until the following February, arranging for the defense of the Old Dominion's coastline while confronted with more military disrespect from the proteges of his old political enemies than from soldiers in a red coat. But all such disappointment ended when on May 15, 1775, Virginians decided to form a government of their own, apart from all colonial dependency, and to draw up their own bill of rights. Henry had much to do with the drafting and passage of these instruments and was delighted when his colleagues prefaced them with the call for an act of separation to be issued by the Congress in Philadelphia, reaching toward all necessary composite authority (in an act of confederation), while leaving "the internal concerns of each colony" to supervision by their respective legislatures.

The spirit of the times went even further in Henry's direction when on June 29 he was charged with translating the new political arrangement into the public policy as his state's first elected governor. George Mason observed of Henry at this time that his "abilities as well as public virtues" would have put him in charge of the Roman Republic "during the first Punic war, when the Roman people had arrived at their meridian glory."

Patrick Henry was an excellent wartime governor, keeping up the morale of his people, supporting American armies in the field with food and supplies, building ships and mining lead, recruiting men for militia or regular service, protecting and advancing Virginia's frontier settlements in the West. He served three terms, as long as the law permitted, and returned to his place in the legislature in 1779.

Sallie Henry had died in February of 1775. Before Henry left the governorship, on October 9, 1777, he married Dorothea Dandridge, the daughter of his old friend and ally, Colonel Nathaniel Dandridge, and the granddaughter of Governor Spotswood. With his new wife and their daughter, his sisters, his married daughter and her child, his other children by Sallie Henry, and about seventy slaves, Patrick Henry left the highest office in the gift of his fellow Virginians. Journeying south and west to new settlements in the Dan River country in Henry County, he built Leatherwood on the "new ground" of which he was forever dreaming. After the long struggle of political life in an age of transition, he rejoiced in being once more a private man.

But his countrymen would not leave their matchless oracle "under his vine and fig tree" for long. Though prematurely aged, Henry was at his best in the Upcountry, away from the pressures toward heroic displays of "virtue," from the "great stage" of politics. The ordinary activities of the planter's life,

attached to a small practice of law, suited him very well, healing body and spirit. Yet even in the opinion of his old enemies, his voice was needed as a stabilizer in the legislature as the American Revolution moved into its climactic year. For with Henry silent or far away, Virginia politicians sometimes forgot what the Revolution was all about. There were still troops to be called to service, intelligence to be gathered, horses and men to be fed and political leaders to be brought up to the mark--especially the somewhat casual Thomas Jefferson, who did very little to prepare his state for invasion by British forces commanded by General Benedict Arnold and that fearful dragoon, Colonel Banastre Tarleton.

Henry dreaded political dispersal or the collapse of the regime under the circumstances Jefferson had allowed to develop. Public records and property had been destroyed. It had become difficult to collect taxes. Men were refusing to serve in the regular forces or the militia. They had lost faith in their own government, chiefly by reason of its inertia and/or incapacity. Humiliated--driven out of Williamsburg, Richmond and Charlottesville--the legislature recognized that Virginia's chief magistrate needed even greater powers than they had given him, and that they needed a better governor than Thomas Jefferson to use such powers.

From 1780 on, when present as a sitting member, Patrick Henry "ruled" the Virginia legislature even more than he had as a governor of the state. He raised troops for Nathanael Greene when that Rhode Island general faced Lord Cornwallis in North Carolina and issued a desperate cry for help. Moreover, to clear the air, he voted for an inquiry into the conduct of certain public officials, including Thomas Jefferson. By this decision, he made an enemy for life, one who had a large role in distorting Henry's public reputation.

Only in his efforts to bring tax support to a plural religious establishment, in which he was opposed by young James Madison, did Henry fail to have his way. In that labor he was forestalled more by Presbyterian jealousy of the Anglican establishment than by political opponents: by jealousy and the artful "scare tactics" of Madison, who suggested that a plural establishment was bound to result in an "official" political theology.

Henry had hoped to authorize a general assessment, the returns from which would be distributed to the various sectarian communities, with the portion for freethinkers set aside for local educational institutions. Patrick Henry won the first vote for plural establishment, but was defeated in 1784 after he had been returned to the governor's chair and could not in person collect his usual majority. He understood the close relation of absolute religious toleration and religious indifference, but not the motives of James Madison, who professed to be a religious man. Henry himself was a constant and enthusiastic witness for the Christian faith, both in office and out. Indeed, after reading a pamphlet by the Englishman Soames Jenyns defending the rationality of Christian belief, Henry had it reprinted and distributed it everywhere he went.

In his last two terms as governor (1784-1786), the "son of Thunder" (as he was described by many of his contemporaries) enjoyed a comparably quiet time. Governor Henry had his own version of nationalism, one which reflected the attitudes of his neighbors. He supported regular contributions for the maintenance of the general government and approved of a tariff on imports to discourage the accumulation of foreign debt. He wanted to promote the dignity of the general government, while keeping a close check on its powers. Except in matters of national defense, however, the politics of Patrick Henry began with Virginia--agrarian Virginia. His commercial theory was based on free trade, his economics laissez-faire, but without any affection for cities, banks, large industries, stock jobbers, monopolies or currency speculation. His idea of wealth was land. But even when, in Congress, he declared, "I am not a Virginian but an American" and spoke of being in a "state of nature," Henry still conducted himself as a "local-minded man." He was loyal to the Union *because* of what it could do for Virginia. In theory *and* practice, he objected to consolidated government as being contrary to the ideals of the Revolution; and because of what he had experienced in the Revolution, he was a sectionalist, suspicious of the intentions of most Northern politicians and not at all surprised when they ignored the interests of West and South in voting for the 1786 Jay-Gardoqui Treaty, an agreement with Spain which would have prevented the growth of new states in the West by closing the Mississippi River to American trade.

No other event so poisoned the atmosphere of national politics in the years following Patrick Henry's departure from the governorship of his state as did the attempt by the leading men of the North to perpetuate the influence of their region at the expense of settlers hoping to build for themselves and their children a new life along the frontier, in Kentucky and Tennessee. However, even with the onset of interregional distrust, a contrasting trend toward strengthening the authority of government was under way before the Henrys left Richmond for their new plantation in Prince Edward County, a place less remote than their previous home on Leatherwood Creek. It was a trend Henry had done nothing to encourage. And in the Virginia ratification convention, June 2-June 25 of 1788, it evoked the most sustained and inclusive statement of his way of thinking about American politics that he made in the course of his public life.

Patrick Henry had ignored the trade conference in Annapolis which called for the states to appoint delegates to a meeting in Philadelphia in May 1787 for the announced purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation. The Continental Congress agreed that such a convention was necessary; and the Virginia legislature elected Henry as one of its representatives to that convention. Full of anger and suspicion, he declined the appointment in February 1787, confiding to a few friends that he "smelt a rat." He also made clear to his Federalist acquaintances that he wished to remain "unfettered," which would be impossible if he were to serve as a delegate. Henry's attitude regarding the advantages of "a more perfect Union" was no doubt affected by the death of his sister's husband in Kentucky at the hands of the Wabash Indians; and he blamed the Yankees in Congress for their refusal to act decisively in dealing with the Indian tribes in the Old Northwest, as Southerners had done with the Cherokees.

Coupled with the immediate frustration and anger brought to the surface by his brother-in-law's death and the Spanish treaty, Henry, along with many other Southerners, still harbored a general uneasiness carried over from the fall of Charleston in 1780. As the war had moved to the South, no armies from Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Connecticut had come to assist those confronted with the great force of Lord Cornwallis, or at least not until the Yorktown campaign.

Out of the experience of his entire public life and based on an emotional ground shaped by the long struggle in breaking free of one remote and arbitrary power only to see what could well be another power of the same kind looming on the horizon, Henry delivered the most eloquent and inclusive critique of the United States Constitution made by any of the Framers. From the debates which took place in the large theater on Shockoe Hill came the assurance that the Constitution would have attached to it a bill of rights and that future readings of its text would be as restrained and modest as the construction given to its provisions by James Madison and other leading Federalists who acted under the pressure of Henry's rhetoric.

Patrick Henry had the assistance of George Mason, Benjamin Harrison, William Grayson, John Tyler the Elder, James Monroe and Theodorick Bland in his opposition to ratification in Virginia. The Antifederalists made an unprecedented, nonpareil effort to dominate the Virginia convention. Or rather, they made the effort where they had leaders to make it for them. In the Kentucky settlements, the Shenandoah Valley and in the backcountry or "Southside," they were successful. Clearly, despite the Federalism of George Washington, the skilled advocacy of Edmund Pendleton and Edmund Randolph and the quiet rationality of James Madison, the battle would be a close fight, with the results not at all certain. Henry's first strategy was to call for a new convention to revise the document made in Philadelphia. As a backup to that proposal he recommended previous amendments "be referred by this Convention to the other states in the American confederacy for their consideration." For the most part Henry was on the attack, holding the floor during almost one-fourth of the time during the entire debate. In the process he forever gave the lie to those who believed his thought to be a simple, uninformed mixture of prejudice and emotion. But chiefly he accused the Federalists of acting contrary to the spirit and prescription of the American Revolution, the point of which had been that Americans did not intend to be ruled by a remote, arbitrary and potentially unfriendly power which rationalized its agency with claims of benevolent intention and superior knowledge of how to convert that intention into action: superior knowledge of what would be best, whether Americans thought so or not.

In contrast to this theory rooted both in Roman law and in the speculations of the savants who were soon to disrupt the peace of Europe, Henry offered a political *schema* in keeping with what he called "the genius of the people," a spirit which included the "genius" of their ancestors. There was nothing *a priori* about his republicanism, or, indeed, anything in direct conflict with the best of constitutional monarchy as instituted in both the colonies and Great Britain before the time of George III. Concerning the latter, he declared, "I am free to own that, if you cannot love a republican government, you may love the British monarchy; for, although the King is not sufficiently responsible, the responsibility of his agents, and the efficient checks imposed by the British Constitution, render it less dangerous than other monarchies, or oppressive, tyrannical aristocracies." Throughout his life Henry was devoted to a government of laws, and not of men, to the system of restraints on the authority of any central government epitomized in the Whiggery of the Glorious Revolution. Such a government produced corporate liberty in a union of free societies; and corporate liberty made possible the freedom of the individual, as opposed to a "herd".

Henry talked about this British prototype of a healthy regime incessantly throughout the Virginia ratifying convention. For instance, he observed, "We entertained from our earliest infancy the most sincere regard and reverence for the mother country. Our partiality extended to a predilection for her customs, habits, manners and laws." And he added elsewhere, "We are descended from a people whose government was founded on liberty; our glorious forefathers of

Great Britain made liberty the foundation of everything. That country is become a great, mighty, and splendid nation; not because their government is strong and energetic, but, sir, because liberty is its direct end and foundation. We drew the spirit of liberty from our British ancestors; by that spirit we have triumphed over every difficulty." The British system was a product of experience, not of "political speculation" or "illuminated ideas" of the "visionary" variety. And, as Henry said of himself, "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience."

The new Constitution as explained by James Madison and Governor Randolph was, in contrast, the product of "speculative theory" and of extrinsic design, as in Randolph's insistence on an ideal model of justice which would prevent the people of Virginia from executing summary judgment on bushwhackers like Josiah Philips. (Virginia's Judge Spencer Roane, Henry's son-in-law, reported after his death that the orator "detested the projects of theorists.") Henry focused attention on specific drawbacks of the proposed Constitution--its relation to the corporate liberty of Virginia, the state's ability to protect its particular interests and the interests of those who constituted it by occupying their specific place in society. Abolition of slavery, which would have "dreadful and ruinous consequences," could be accomplished by a consolidated government, or the enslavement of free white men--which made all of the "good works" it might attempt unimportant.

Touching on most of its features, Patrick Henry conjured up an image of the Constitution as it might become. Much of his prophecy has been confirmed. But Madison and his friends spoke for what it was in the eyes of those who had made it. Many Virginians wanted to believe what Madison told them and others were persuaded to go along with that view. Madison prevailed by five votes--out of 168. Pressed to the wall, he described the Constitution *as the Antifederalists wished it to be,* and thus (with the assistance of Pendleton, Lee, Wythe, Randolph and others) secured ratification in spite of Antifederalist warnings, however eloquent. But Henry took the defeat gracefully, in some good humor, and prepared to hold the Federalists to their Richmond construction of the document and to the amendments which they promised to support.

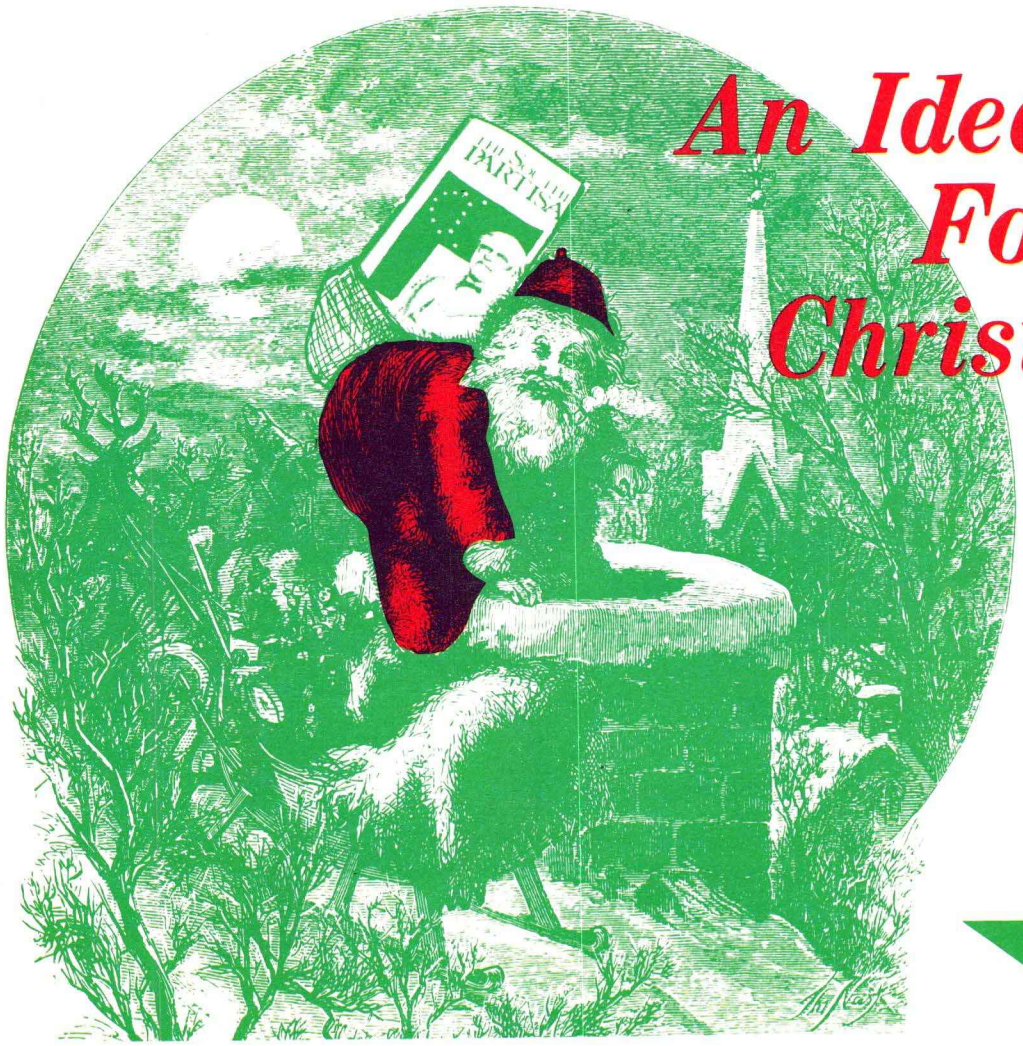
Despite the disadvantages of a Federalist trend running throughout the country, he had kept his enemies at bay for almost three weeks and was only then "overcome in a good cause." Federalists breathed a great sigh of relief. For their entire effort was in danger until they had forced a vote. As Madison observed, "A silence or a mere look from Henry could ruin the effect of a day's worth of careful exposition." And, in proportion, Henry's language was even more devastating. Truly, as Jefferson maintained, he "spoke as Homer wrote," and that art was almost enough to pull down James Madison's "house made of words."

After ratification Patrick Henry served in the Virginia assembly until 1791, keeping that body in Antifederalist hands until the Bill of Rights was adopted, sending Antifederalist United States Senators to open the new Congress, and holding down the number of Federalist Congressmen. There were also a few more famous cases at law, especially *Jones v. Walker,* concerning American debts to British merchants, and the defense of Richard Randolph against a charge involving infanticide.

Henry was not altogether satisfied with Madison's proposal of twelve amendments; they were far short of the list of forty Henry had proposed in the ratifying convention and did too little to forestall the development of implied powers. Henry opposed the assumption of state debts, Jay's Treaty, and the excesses of the High Court in its early decisions. Even when out of politics and reconciled with George Washington, he continued to advocate the doctrine he had put forward in Richmond in June of 1788. But the role of Madison and Jefferson in leading the opposition to the new government pushed Henry in the opposite direction, as did the enthusiasm of Jeffersonians for the 1789 French Revolution--in the eyes of Patrick Henry, an event very different from the American Revolution.

What Henry thought of Jacobin France is an indication of what he wanted in the way of an American national government. The French, he said, "have a liberal and destructive spirit," one of "infidelity" which "under the name of philosophy" worked its evil will so that "everything that ought to be dear to man is covertly but successfully assailed." French democracy was "a bloody horror." For the sake of "strange fruit," Jeffersonians were "abjuring native victuals." Not so Patrick Henry.

Although given many opportunities, he refused to return to public life--except to be reelected to the legislature (at George Washington's behest) a few weeks before his death. The conclusion of his life, at Red Hill in the Staunton River Valley, was appropriate to all that had gone before. Henry died as he had lived, with a touch of drama. To "the voice of tradition" he entrusted his fame, and his soul to the Son of God. He summoned his family and close friends to share in his departure and asked his skeptical physician to observe that the Christian faith made it easier for a man to die. Then, having practiced the *ars morendi,* he smiled and gave up the ghost. Even at the distance of almost two hundred years, we can hear echoes of the power of his speaking, the trumpet resonance of his moral authority. ★



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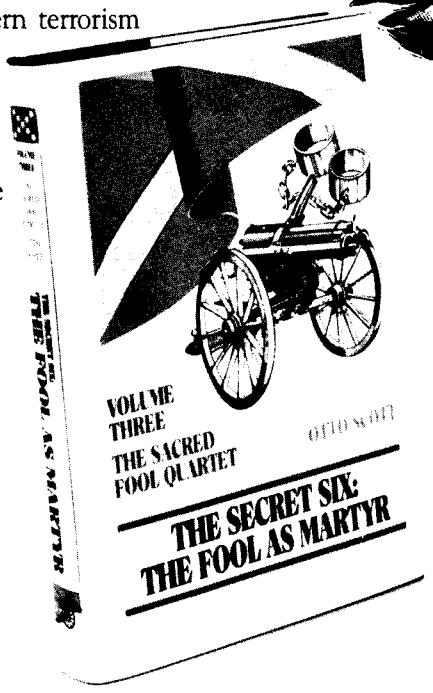

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Daisy Cave

Mrs. Daisy Cave was married to a Confederate soldier and memories of him are vivid. We can't be sure how many widows of Confederate soldiers are still living. Probably fewer than ten.

A native of Barnwell County, South Carolina, Mrs. Cave now resides in the Hopewell Nursing Home in Pinewood, South Carolina. She receives a Confederate Pension of $3,000 per year which the State Comptroller General (Earle Morris) often delivers to her personally.

At 97, Mrs. Cave has a heart full of memories and a unique perspective on the South. But her favorite subject is her first and only husband, Henry Cave, Confederate Cavalryman. This brief conversation took place at the Hopewell Nursing Home.

Partisan: Do you remember the day Henry Cave proposed?

Mrs. Cave: Well, I was an orphan child, living with

my uncle. Henry Cave came there to buy horse feed. When he saw me, Mr. Cave said to a friend, "Who is that girl yonder?" And my friend told him that I was Daisy Wilson. Then Mr. Cave said in a voice intended for me to hear, "She's just who I need to keep house for me." And I said: "No, sir, you don't need me." But he said that he was coming back the next day to see if I had made up my mind. I told him that my mind was already made up.

I was working in the field at the time. That's all I knew. Everywhere I'd ever lived there was a farm.

Anyway, the next day, he came back and said: "Have you made up your mind?" and I said, "My mind was made up yesterday." But he kept coming back--three or four times. Finally he said: "It sounds foolish to ask you such a thing, but will you consider *marrying* me?" And I said: "Now, I'm going to have to study over that!

"It seems like the only way I'll get rid of you is to marry you."

Partisan: Then what happened?

Mrs. Cave: He said that he was going to get a license. But I knew he couldn't get it without me. So, he came back and said he couldn't get the license. "We'll go up to Barnwell together tomorrow," he said. When we got up there, Mr. Snelling, the Probate Judge, said: "Uncle Henry, why not just finish it up here?" (Most everybody called him Uncle Henry.) He said, "Well, it suits me if it suits her." And that was fine.

But a whole lot of people had gone to the parsonage to see us get married there, and they waited and waited and waited. After we got married in front of the judge, we went on to Mr. Cave's house, ate dinner, and went out to sit on the porch. After a while, a colored boy rode up on a mule, and said, "Mr. Cave, them peoples at the parsonage wants to know what's holding you up!" And Mr. Cave said, "Not a thing in this world. I done had a good dinner, and I got me a pretty girl." So that's the way we got married.

Partisan: How old were you when you married him, and how old was he?

Mrs. Cave: I told him I was 21, but I was really 22.

He was 75. He had been married before. His first wife died in childbirth. He had four daughters, and every one of them was older than I was. All of them liked me but one. Mr. Cave said that she was the only girl that gave him any trouble. He always had to spank her when she was little.

Partisan: Did Mr. Cave ever talk about the War?

Mrs. Cave: He didn't talk much about it. He said it was heartbreaking. The Confederacy didn't have much money. They didn't have anything to go on. He would cry when he talked about the War. I would never mention it unless he did.

He was stationed down close to Charleston. To keep from starving, the boys would go out during the daytime and spot different things and go back in the night to get them. One day he went into a potato patch, and there were some watermelons planted in there. He spotted a couple that he thought were ripe, and he went back at night to get them. He put one in one end of his bag and one in the other and put it over his shoulder and went back to camp. He had been sent to get water and he told the men back in camp that he couldn't find the water hole and that they would have to do without water that night. But the commanding officer had heard him talking before he got to the camp, and he said: "Henry, get those watermelons and come over here and let's cut 'em."

One day, they had been out "foraging" as he called it, and a bunch of geese followed him. Those boys threw down a little bit of corn, and the geese ate it up. He had a fishing line in his pocket with a hook on it, so he put a grain of corn on it and got one of the geese to follow him on down the road.

Another story he used to tell was how one night he went near the marsh and pulled up some dry grass and made him a bed. But the tide came in and woke him up. He had to wade out with the water up to his neck. It was so cold that his clothes froze on him. When he got to the "lookout house," as he called it, they wouldn't let him go to the fire, they said he might die. So they gave him some good blankets to cover up with, and they kept pulling him up a little bit closer toward the fire until his clothes thawed and he could get them off.

Partisan: Where did he serve besides Charleston?

Mrs. Cave: Mr. Cave was transferred to Virginia. They were on a freight train and the boxes were filled with soldiers, and some of the soldiers were up on the top. There was also a guard up there keeping any of them from running away.

One of the boys said: "It may be *right*, but it's mighty *hard*. I'm going by my house and I know my folks are going to be watching, and I've got to ride right on by." To that the guard said: "Well, son, if you can stand the jump off the boxcar, you can stand the bullets." And two of them jumped off. One of them went on home, but the other one was killed by the fall.

The Confederates were traveling north to protect the South. They had been down around Charleston, but were needed in Virginia worse.

Partisan: Did Mr. Cave say anything about the surrender?

Mrs. Cave: Mr. Cave's commander said: "Henry, I'm going to have to give up. And I want to surrender with as few boys as I possibly can." He didn't want them

locked up and all that. He said that if he and his brother John wanted to, they could go on. He gave them a discharge. His brother had gotten wounded in the war, so Mr. Cave had to carry him on his back and in his arms most of the way home. It took them several days. I think somebody in Barnwell that lived out in the country picked them up and took them to their house.

Partisan: Did your husband volunteer for the Confederate Army, or was he drafted?

Mrs. Cave: He was 17 years old. He wasn't old enough for the draft. He and a bunch of boys were at a bridge near Barnwell one night. A man who knew Henry came by and said: "Henry, what are you doing down here in the swamp this time of night?" And Henry said: "I'm going to join the Army."

The man told him to go on back home. But Henry said: "No, sir, my daddy won't let me go. I got to slip off."

So the man drove to Henry's daddy's house and told him where Henry was. Henry's daddy went and met Henry and said: "Henry, get in here and let's go back to the house. If you're that interested in going in the Army, I'll sign the paper."

The next day his daddy went with him to join the Army.

Henry was in the cavalry. His horse was shot out from under him. He came mighty near to getting killed. He told me that he could have put in for disability because of a wound he got while running up some stairs to get fodder for the horses. He was cutting up and one of the rails stuck him and left a bad scar. But he knew he had not been injured in combat. So he didn't want to go home and have to tell a story.

He was a good man. I called him "Mr. Cave." And he called me "Baby." And Ben, our son, he called him "the boy." He never called him by his name.

Partisan: You never called him Henry?

Mrs. Cave: No, he was too old.

We went to a reunion in Charlotte, and two pretty girls came and got him. They were going to give a free show to all the Confederate veterans and their wives. He said: "Come on, Baby." And they said: "No sir, this is for the Confederates and their *wives*," and he said: "Well, that's *mine*!" I was so embarrassed I could have gone through a keyhole.

Partisan: What was your life like as a young girl?

Mrs. Cave: I did everything anybody in the world ever did on a farm. When you lose your mama and daddy you're done for. I don't remember my mother, I was nine years old when Daddy died. He was trying to stop some horses that were running away with a little boy, and the boy was sitting in the buggy (a surrey, they called it), and Daddy grabbed one of the horses by his bit, and the horses threw him down. The doctor said he didn't know whether it was the horse's shoe or the railroad iron, but my daddy got a concussion and died. We were poor, but he did the best he could for us.

Then I had to stay anywhere I could. I went to an aunt's house. I was doing very well there for a while. She had plenty. She had raised a boy whose mother died. The baby had been laid on the grave of the mother for anyone who wanted it; so my aunt took him and raised him. It was right, I guess, for her to think more of him than she thought of me. I was about twelve years old.

Later I went to my uncle's. I worked in the field just like they did. These old shriveled up hands have done some hard work. I've made about 65 aprons since I've been in here, with just a needle and thread. I ain't got no machine.

Partisan: You never remarried?

Mrs. Cave: Nope. Well, if you get a good man the first time and he dies, the next one might be too mean. And most everybody drank, and God knows I can't stand it. I never found a man as good as him.

Partisan: Do you have any advice for the young people today?

Mrs. Cave: I tell what's the fact. I believe the end of time is almost here. I believe it with all of my heart. I read the Bible.

If young people have any sense, they would get down on their knees and pray. Some of them don't believe the Bible at all; they say its old-timey. But the Bible says: "Heaven and earth may pass away, but my Words will never pass."

Partisan: As a widow of a Confederate soldier, what do you think of the people on the other side? What do you think about Yankees?

Mrs. Cave: Yankees? I heard a lady with the United Daughters of the Confederacy say one time: "They must like it down here pretty good; when they come down here you can't run them back North." Some people call them damnyankees.

Partisan: What do you think about the Confederate flag on the top of the Statehouse? Do you think it ought to stay?

Mrs. Cave: I think it should fly. I've got two at my house. Anybody who knew Henry Cave would have to believe in that flag. He was a good man.

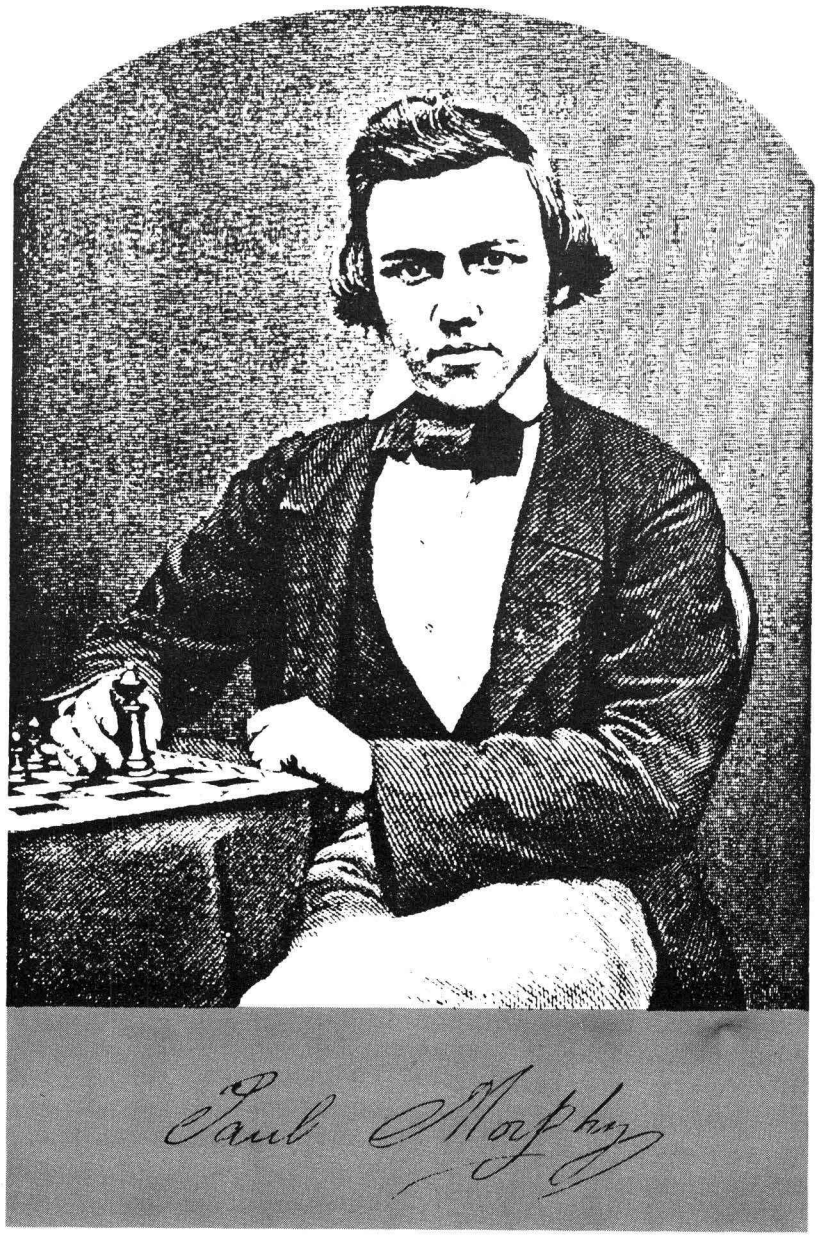
Partisan: Thank you so much Mrs. Cave.

Mrs. Cave: How far did you come to talk to me?

Partisan: From Columbia. Only about 40 miles.

Mrs. Cave: You didn't get enough news to pay for coming!

Partisan: Oh, yes I did. Thank you for your time. You are a very special lady. ★



The Southerner who became the World's First Chess Champion

by Ludwell H. Johnson, III

The *Persia* docked in New York on May 11, 1859, eleven days out from Liverpool. Among her passengers was Paul Morphy of New Orleans, the young chess master whose recent exploits had thrilled admirers from one end of the country to the other. The great and near-great sought his company. During his stay in New York he would dine with Senator Stephen A. Douglas, soon to challenge Abraham Lincoln for the presidency; Judah P. Benjamin, senator from Louisiana; Robert J. Walker, former Secretary of the Treasury under James K. Polk and once a kingmaker in the Democratic Party; and John W. Forney, a leading journalist and editor of the influential Philadelphia *Press*. The list could be extended.

Preparations for Morphy's triumphant return had been months in the making. The principal event was a testimonial assembly that took place on May 25 in the large Gothic chapel at New York University. The chamber, said the New York *Times*, which gave several first-page columns to the affair, was packed "even to the halls and galleries, with a brilliant audience of gentlemen and ladies."

The high point of the evening came with the presentation of testimonial gifts. One was a magnificent set of gold and silver chessmen, the white pieces in silver representing ancient Romans, the gold pieces their barbarian adversaries. They were placed on an elegant rosewood board, with squares of ebony and mother-of-pearl and a border elaborately inlaid with silver and gold, including the flattering motto *"Proeliis ex sanguinatis facile princeps."* Another gift was a gold watch, with representatives of chess pieces for numerals, adorned with brilliants and a large diamond. The ceremony was concluded by the orchestra's rendition of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes!"

New York's welcome was only the beginning. Next was Boston, the *(soi-disant)* intellectual capital of the republic. There Morphy was feted at the Revere House by a gathering that included Josiah Quincy, Jr., former president of Harvard University; Jared Sparks, another former president of Harvard and a famous historian and editor James Walker, currently president of Harvard; and a number of professors, present or former, including Louis Agassiz, the world-renowned naturalist and geologist; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; and Joel Parker, an eminent member of the law faculty.

Professor James Russell Lowell, regarded by some as the foremost man of letters of his time, read no less than 90 lines of verse he had composed for the occasion. The main speaker was Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, far-famed "autocrat of the breakfast table," who ended by offering a toast: "I propose the health of Paul Morphy, the World's Chess Champion. His peaceful battles have helped to achieve a new revolution; his youthful triumphs have added a new clause to the Declaration of American Independence." And the Germania band played "Hail, Columbia!"

Why all this excitement over a chessplayer, even one who had crushingly defeated every European master he had met during the preceding eleven months? Holmes's speech provides a clue. He spoke of Morphy as "our young friend, who has honored us all who glory in the name of Americans," and then went on to complain about foreign visitors who came to the United States, looked around, and then wrote books filled with disparaging observations about what they considered to be a raw and uncivilized society. One way to combat such maddening condescension and assumptions of superiority was to administer what Holmes called "a good licking." We had done this in the War for Independence, he said, General Andrew Jackson had done it again at New Orleans, and now it had been done by Paul Morphy, this "young brother American" who had triumphed in a test that was "as true a one of general powers as if a hundred thousand men lay dead upon the field." It was a great victory of American intelligence over the best the Old World had to offer.

Holmes's extravagant effusion was an example of a very large genre of speeches and writings, a genre born of the great American inferiority complex, which manifested itself in a juvenile passion for boasting and an outraged rejection not only of criticism, but of any comments that fell short of unrestrained adulation. Americans sang the praises of everything from the Rocky Mountains to (as in Dr. Holmes's speech) the achievements of some self-made locksmith from the New York hinterland in a desperate effort to be ahead of the Europeans in *something*.

Foreign visitors scarcely had a chance to disembark before being buttonholed and asked, "How do you like America?" This question bombarded them from the moment of arrival to the time of departure. "They incessantly harass you to extort praise," wrote Alexis de Tocqueville, "and if you reject their entreaties, they fall to praising themselves."

Even given the indiscriminate nature of superpatriotic braggadocio, chess might seem a rather frail vessel to carry the burden of national self-esteem. This may not be as improbable as it appears at first glance. By the 1850s the game had attained new levels of popularity on both sides of the Atlantic. London's Great Exhibition of Industry and Art in 1851, the first world's fair, inspired British chessplayers to organize an international congress or tournament to take place at the same time. The London tournament was the first such event in the history of chess and aroused much interest in the United States. Envious, imitative, and competitive, the Americans began to plan their own great tournament to raise up a champion to challenge the European masters, to prove that the New World had brains as well as tobacco-chewing rustics. The result was the American Chess Congress, held in New York in 1857. Paul Morphy rather easily carried off the palm and instantly became a celebrity.

Morphy's achievements at New York were as brilliant as the quality of the competition would allow, but there were other reasons for his creating such a stir. The country had not yet emerged from the age of sentimental romanticism, and here was a romantic hero indeed: Delicate, rather diminutive, with remarkably small hands and feet, "with smooth cheek, long chestnut hair, thrown back from his white forehead, and a truly American fragility of figure; if

you met him in the street you would take him for a boy of fifteen. The large violet eyes, however, are the most noticeable feature in his face, with their long black lashes, and luminous iris, that seem to dilate, and grow larger and larger with every second." And he came from possibly the most romantic place in the Deep South, New Orleans. Despite the fear and suspicion with which so many Northerners had come to regard the South, they were nevertheless fascinated by it, true believers in the plantation legend, in a land of gracious and high-toned aristocrats who lived a life very different from their own hustling, entrepreneurial, money-loving society which those dreaded foreign travelers so often sneered at. The youthful Morphy, with his exquisite courtesy and aristocratic demeanor, seemed to have stepped out of the enchanted land of moonlight and magnolias.

Now this Southern lad would represent the whole nation. There was no Mason-Dixon line in chess, one orator proclaimed. The young Paul -- he was only 20 when he won the New York tournament -- had become the great white hope of American chess and American pride. He would surely cross the ocean and do to European chess what Andy Jackson had done to Edward Pakenham at the gates of Paul's own city. Futhermore, he would do it by the most romantic means possible, chess, a game which, when knighthood was in flower, had been the monopoly of kings and nobles, an adjunct of courtly love and a necessary acquirement of the courtier. It still trailed clouds of glory from those fabled days. Nineteenth century chess nomenclature reeked of the cult of chivalry. The board was the "chequered field" where gallant knights met in bloodless yet honorable combat, marshalling their forces of kings and queens, high churchmen, cavalry and foot soldiers. What more fitting champion to conquer the Old World than this youthful knight-errant, *sans peur et sans reproche?* No wonder they went wild over Morphy.

Paul Morphy belonged to a New Orleans family from which he inherited Irish, Spanish, and French Creole blood. His great-grandfather, Michael Morphy, a soldier, had left Ireland for Spain in 1753 and eventually became a merchant in Malaga, where he married Maria Porro. His son Diego emigrated first to San Domingo and then to the United States. By 1809 he was serving as Spanish consul at New Orleans. A son, Alonzo, chose the law as his profession and was eminently successful. He served as Louisiana's attorney general and later was a member of the state supreme court. His wife, Louise Therese Felicite Thelcide le Carpentier, usually called Telcide, was an accomplished amateur harpist, singer, and composer. Among their four children was Paul, born in 1837.

The whole family played chess, including Paul's uncle, Ernest Morphy, and Paul learned the game at a very early age by watching his father and uncle. He quickly showed he was a prodigy. At the age of nine,

he routed an astonished and indignant Winfield Scott, the general-in-chief of the United States army who was then passing through New Orleans *en route* to the Mexican War. At twelve, playing blindfold, he beat Ernest Morphy, himself a strong player, and won a large majority of games from Eugene Rosseau, who had a European reputation and was one of the country's best players.

The Morphys had no thought of Paul becoming a professional chessplayer such as Lowenthal, and they strictly limited the time he spent on the game. He was to follow his father's example and become a member of the Louisiana bar. At Spring Hill college in Mobile, Paul compiled a superlative record while earning his bachelor's and master's degree, and in 1857 took his law degree from what would later become Tulane University. So gigantic was his memory that he could recite most of the Louisiana civil code verbatim, just as he could carry in his mind games played by leading masters down through the years, to say nothing of his own.

Morphy could not practice law until he reached his majority, so the way was clear for him to participate in the tournament at New York. Even though only three of his games had been published, by now his American reputation was such that the organizers of the tournament made strenuous efforts to secure his participation. They succeeded, with the outcome already described. Returning victorious to New Orleans late in 1857, he offered to meet any American in match play, Morphy to concede the odds of pawn and move-about, equivalent to spotting one's opponent two touchdowns in football. There were no takers. In February, 1858, the New Orleans Chess club invited Howard Staunton, the dean of English chess and leading analyst of the day, to come to New Orleans and play a match with Morphy, but Staunton's professional obligations would not permit him to accept.

Thus if the American champion was to do battle with Staunton and the other European masters he would have to go abroad. Telcide, a widow since 1856, never liked her son's public appearances as a chessplayer, especially if money was to change hands. Morphy, too, found this most distasteful; to him the game was strictly a gentlemanly diversion. Friends, however, prevailed upon the family, and Paul was allowed to go abroad. He was more than willing. The "chess fever," as he called it, had come upon him. On May 29, 1858, he wrote Fiske, "I have made up my mind to cross the Atlantic and throw down the gauntlet to all comers."

Morphy arrived at Liverpool on June 20, two days before his twenty-first birthday. No detailed account of his eventful eleven-month stay in Europe can be given here. Those interested may consult David Lawson's *Morphy*, an invaluable compilation of primary sources and the nearest anyone has come to a true biography of the man. The greatest disappointment Morphy experienced in England was Howard Staunton's unwillingness to cross swords. After raising hopes that a match would be possible, Staunton embarrassed his friends and enraged his enemies, of whom he had many, by putting up one excuse after another to avoid a contest that he knew could have only one outcome. Morphy did meet his old antagonist, Lowenthal, whom he had defeated handily. Lesser lights he swept aside in matches and casual games; no one could offer serious opposition. A famous French master who witnessed his arrival at Birmingham wrote, "His walk is like that of a king, and he advances through the crowd of strangers like a monarch receiving homage from his court." While at Birmingham he performed the then astonishing feat of playing eight blindfolded games simultaneously against opponents of respectable skill, winning six, losing one, and drawing one.

From England Morphy traveled to Paris and the Cafe de la Regence, the Mecca of French chess, an establishment frequented over the years by chess devotees ranging fron Voltaire to Franklin to Napoleon. In Paris the two leading continental masters succumbed to Morphy: Daniel Harrwitz, resident professional at the cafe, and Adolf Anderssen of Breslau, winner of the 1851 London tournament and heretofore believed by many to be the strongest player in the world. Another eight-board blindfold exhibition sent the volatile Parisians into paroxysms of hero-worship. When the last game was over (six wins and two draws) the crowd of spectators rushed the victor. "The waiters at the Cafe had formed a conspiracy to carry Morphy in triumph on their shoulders, but the multitude was so compact, they could not get near him, and finally, had to abandon the attempt. Great bearded fellows grasped his hands, and almost shook his arms out of their sockets, and it was nearly half an hour before we could get out of the Cafe...The crowd still followed us, and when we got to the guard-house of the Imperial guard, *sergeants de ville* and soldiers came running out to see whether a new revolution was on the *tapis.*" So wrote Frederick Edge, Morphy's companion during much of his trip.

Morphy's family had been urging him for some time to come home and had almost prevented the match with Anderssen from taking place. At last, with spring approaching and no more fields to conquer, Morphy prepared to leave Europe, weary, it would appear, of the endless demands upon him to display his genius. He returned by way of England, where there were, as in Paris, more testimonials and banquets, and finally reached New York in May, 1859, to meet the hero's welcome already described. By December he was once more in New Orleans. Although Morphy would help

to edit two chess columns for several months and would play a few matches at knight-odds in 1860 during another visit to New York, his chess career was virtually over. He never again played in a tournament or a match, and his casual playing dwindled steadily.

Morphy was in New Orleans in November 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was elected to the presidency. Louisiana seceded in January, 1861, after all attempts at sectional compromise had failed. Three months later the war began, and nothing would ever be the same for Morphy or for millions of his fellow Southerners. Edward, Paul's elder brother, enlisted in the Seventh Louisiana Infantry, a New Orleans regiment. As for Paul, the first wartime mention of him places him in Richmond in October, 1861.

The reasons for this trip to the Confederate capital are not known; there is room, however, for informed speculation. Because Morphy was a frail young man who was rather often ill or indisposed, service in the ranks would have made little sense. On the other hand, his popularity abroad, especially in Paris, would naturally have suggested a diplomatic assignment. He and his family had highly-placed contacts within the government. General Pierre G.T. Beauregard, a fellow Creole, was second in command of the Virginia army. Former United States Senator Judah P. Benjamin was a friend of the family and had married a cousin of Alonzo Morphy. He was now Confederate attorney general and within a few months would become secretary of state. John Slidell, a New Orleans attorney and another former Louisiana senator, had been appointed envoy to France. Morphy was also on friendly personal terms with Miss Constance Cary and her circle, which included her future husband and another Louisianian, Burton N. Harrison, private secretary to Jefferson Davis.

Given these connections, Morphy may well have hoped to join the Slidell mission to Paris, a city he dearly loved. (When someone would extol the charms of the *Vieux Carre,* Paul would reply, "*Oui, oui, mais c'est ne pas Paris.*") It was rumored that he had been seen at Beauregard's headquarters and was for a time on his staff. However, the only assignment for which there is clear evidence was the one given him by Constance Cary, who asked him to purchase for her on his return to New Orleans "a French *violette* of real black lace thread, the height of my ambition. When the veil arrived, as selected by himself, we voted Mr. Morphy an expert in other arts than chess."

Frances Parkinson Keyes built her novel, *The Chessplayers*, on the assumption that Morphy, who was in France for more than a year during the war, became a secret agent for the Confederacy. Ms. Keyes' research was substantial and her hypothesis is entitled to consideration. The confidential nature of such a mission might explain the lack of surviving documentation. Negative evidence can carry one only so far, however, and David Lawson's indefatigable investigations failed to uncover any official relationship between Morphy and the Confederate government. Still, even he did not comb the archival and manuscript sources. Something may yet turn up.

Morphy was presumably in New Orleans in April, 1862, and witnessed the occupation of the city by the forces of Major General Benjamin F. Butler, fondly known to Confederates as "Beast" Butler or "Spoons" Butler, and to at least one -- probably many more -- as "that oyster-eyed son of a bitch." The regime of the Massachusetts general was indeed most unpleasant, especially for people of Morphy's class, and in October, 1862, Paul followed other family members to Paris. In February he wrote his friend Fiske, "I am here with my brother-in-law and part of my family...we are all following with intense anxiety the fortunes of the tremendous conflict now raging beyond the Atlantic, for upon the issue depends our all in life. Under such circumstances you will readily understand that I should feel little disposed to engage in the objectless strife of the chess board. Besides you will remember that as far back as two years ago I stated to you in New York my firm determination to abandon chess altogether."

By February, 1864, Morphy was back in New Orleans, now under the relatively benign control of Major General N.P. Banks, Butler's successor, who desired to conciliate rather than tyrannize. Paul seems to have been in serious financial difficulties. His father's estate had amounted to $146,000 in 1856, but probably little remained after the vicissitudes of war and enemy occupation. He had been forced to borrow money from a friend in Paris, leaving his gold presentation watch as collateral. Now, at last, he determined to make his way by practicing law. Cards were

printed and the shingle hung out, but no clients appeared. People could not take him seriously, he complained, but thought of him as only a chessplayer. He lived with his mother and unmarried sister, Helena, in the house the family had occupied since the early 1840s. He played a little chess with his old friend and schoolmate, Charles A. Maurian, but even that ceased after a few years. Apparently in an effort to cheer him up, in 1867 Telcide persuaded Paul to go with her and Helena to Paris to visit his sister Malvina and her husband, John D. Sybrandt, who resided there. The hopes of the chess world that Morphy would take part in the Paris tournament of that year were disappointed. He did not even visit the proceedings, nor would he enter the Cafe de la Regence. The family came home after fifteen months. A new venture in the law in partnership with one E.T Fellowes came to nothing. As his professional failure became more irredeemable, Morphy's aversion to chess deepened. Nothing angered him as much as the suggestion that he had ever been, or should become, a chessplayer by trade.

By the mid-seventies Morphy began to show signs of paranoid delusions. The most persistent of these centered on his brother-in-law, John Sybrandt, whom he accused of defrauding him of his inheritance. This became the principal obsession; at one point Morphy went so far as to institute legal proceedings against Sybrandt. Another delusion, at least for a time, was the belief in a conspiracy intended to drive him from New Orleans. The seriousness and duration of Morphy's illness have often been exaggerated, making it difficult to separate fact from gossip. The paranoia was both selective and episodic. Even when suffering from it, he was completely rational except for particular topics. His eccentricities were almost always quite mild in nature; the Sybrandt lawsuit was the conspicuous exception. More and more he avoided making new acquaintances, and although never a recluse, he seems to have drifted gently into a world of his own.

Many have speculated about the causes of this sad development. Some blamed the presumed mental strain of chess, especially blindfold play. Others stressed supposed deep resentment at not being able to play a match with Howard Staunton, who, in the hands of the always predictable Freudians, became the father figure he was not allowed to kill. For Freudians, chess is *par excellence* the game for those with unresolved Oedipal problems. One persistent rumor said that Morphy was crushingly disappointed in love by a lady who dismissed him as being a mere chessplayer. As for his attitude toward women generally, Morphy always admired feminine beauty and for many years enjoyed the company of women. A charming and revealing photograph of Morphy playing chess with a young lady shows an obvious flirtation in progress, but except in the melodrama of Keyes' novel, his relationships with women were quite superficial. Some have accused Telcide of being a super-protective mother and thus responsible in some way for this and for his mental troubles generally. Such ruminations, however, can do little to explain the onset of his illness, the cause of which may lie much deeper. As Hartson and Watson have observed in their *Psychology of Chess*, "the history of world championship chess from Morphy to the present is littered with symptoms of paranoia."

A pathetic memoir of Morphy's later years has come down to us from his niece, Regina Morphy-Voitier. As a child she saw a good deal of her famous uncle and her little sketch reveals a lonely, aimless, unhappy man. His life followed a regular routine. On Sundays Morphy left his house early in the morning, always impeccably dressed, strolled to the corner of St. Louis and Royale, and bought a newspaper which he read in the lobby of the St. Louis Hotel. Next he walked to St. Louis Cathedral to hear mass. After mass came the French Market, where he was greeted by Rose, " *'la gentille petite bouquetiere'* as he had named the pretty little flower girl, " who would pin a flower on his lapel. After the market closed at noon, he wandered through the *Vieux Carre,* often bought rice cakes, of which he was very fond, and shared them with the neighborhood children. He also enjoyed a snack of *fromage a la creme* and *cafe au lait.* Finally he bought some sweet butter cakes and called at brother Edward's house to give the cakes to his little niece, Regina. Frequently he stayed for Sunday dinner unless he learned that someone besides close friends or family members were to be present. In that case he would quickly excuse himself and return home. Regina remembered that sometimes Morphy walked back and forth on the veranda of his house, hands clasped behind his back, murmuring to himself, *"Il plantera la banniere de Castile sur les murs de Madrid au cri de ville gagne, et le petit roi s'en ira tout penaud."* ("He will erect the standard of Castile on the walls of Madrid to make sure of victory, and the little King will depart very crestfallen.") No one knew what this signified to Morphy.

July 10, 1884, was a very hot day, and when Paul came back from his walk he decided to take a cool bath. There he died quite suddenly of a stroke. The little king had indeed departed, beaten at last by an adversary who always wins.

'Tis all a chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:
Hither and Thither moves, and mates, and slays
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

Omar Khayyam

Order of the day

By Brian Ogburn

Is today Wednesday? Yes, it must be. It was Saturday when your company left Dumont's plantation; two days later was the skirmish. And you've been here since day before yesterday. Yes, today is definitely Wednesday. That means tomorrow is your birthday; you'll be twenty-one. But you probably won't live to see it.

It is only a few men who ever know their appointed day to die; but you know. You know because of the 'mark.' Out of eighteen slivers of paper, you drew the one with the 'mark.'

You sit in reclusion on a hard cot. Outside your tent you see faint silhouettes of union soldiers passing to and fro. Only a lone picket stationed on the other side of the canvas offers a vivid, detailed shadow.

There are sounds; the kind that form a conglomerate of typical camp hubbub, not different from what you're accustomed. You hear the churlish shout of commands, the clamoring of hooves from returning foraging parties, and the occasional "caterwauling" of drunken soldiers. They all blend together like the voices of a hundred church choirs singing—all out of key!

There are smells, too; like the hickory aroma of burning ham. It is a pleasing but dastardly smell—one that arouses your anger as well as your appetite; for hardtack is your ration.

Here you sit—listening, smelling, and thinking. Yes—thinking. You're thinking about this strange place they call the Carolina sandhills; thinking about the dead bummer found along the road lying in his own pool of blood, a stake planted in his back with the message reading, 'DEATH TO ALL FORAGERS!'; thinking about Sherman's cruel order, 'One of them, for one of ours!'; thinking about the lots—all white, lily white—except one. Yes—you drew the one with the 'mark.' There was only one to draw, not two. There was only one life needed to fulfill the order; and that order, the order of the day, has been given: You shall, on this day, be duly executed for a crime that you know, as well as Sherman and his whole John Brown yankee army knows, you did not commit!

Your thoughts are interrupted by a rustling outside. You see three distinct silhouettes. The flap opens. Three men enter.

One of the men is the picket assigned to your tent; the other is a heavyset soldier, probably a sergeant-major; and the third is your friend, Jubal.

The sergeant-major approaches you, his remarkably thin, piercing eyes gazing through you as if he regarded you as some sort of personal threat. His high-shined brass and well-fitted uniform make him appear larger than he actually is.

"You've got ten minutes with this murderer, reb," he gruffly directs to Jubal, not taking his eyes off of you. He cocks his head to one side. "That's more than you gave that dead soldier!" he tells you with a demonic crassness.

The two guards depart.

"Listen, you squint-eyed blue-belly," you begin while rising to your feet, "I wish I *had* killed that yankee!"

Only Jubal hears your remark.

"Aw, don't pay any 'tention to that blue-blood, lad," Jubal admonishes. He takes a seat on one end of the cot.

You move slowly toward the cot and sit down on the other end. You're still angered over the guard's crude comment.

For a moment neither of you speak. You simply sit, looking at the ground.

Jubal rubs his hands back and forth. You notice his Masonic ring; it hasn't been stolen. His trousers, once butternut gray, are now ragged and dull from the vicissitudes of war. An unpleasant stench hangs from his lanky frame. His overall appearance inwardly disturbs you; for it is a reflection of yourself.

Both of you were friends before the war broke out. You served together under the command of General Joseph Johnston until the fall of Atlanta, and now you're serving together again.

The word has gone out that the flamboyant general is amassing a great army in North Carolina; it is one, they say, of such magnitude, that it will crush this "Lucifer's lieutenant" known as William Tecumseh Sherman. An ambitious effort, it is indeed; but you and Jubal were among those in Georgia who answered the call. It may be a long shot, but you felt you owed "Uncle Joe" in his last grandiose attempt.

Jubal usually wasn't at a loss for words, as he is now. The oldest private in your company, around forty or so, he was the one who always kept the men's spirits up; the company jester if you will.

He would take chances in battle, too; always the first to jump the line and the last to take cover. Then, after the fray, he would sit back and make his brag without as much as a scratch! Maybe he felt that he had nothing to lose; no wife, no children; no family. He had only the war; and the war *was* his life.

"I don't know what to say, lad," he finally begins, scratching his whiskered face. "Are you all right?"

Seeing his uneasiness, you vainly attempt to force a smile. "As good as can be expected," you answer.

His hands become still. "That major—Major Hammond," he says, looking at you pointedly, "he says that he don't go along with all this. I hear tell that he asked Sherman to put a stop to it, but—" He pauses and looks back down.

"But what?" you fearfully ask.

"But he—he refused."

Your stomach twinges.

You reach into your tattered blouse and remove a folded piece of paper. "Will you give this letter to Sally if you make it back?"

Jubal takes the letter and sharply cocks his head at you. "What do you mean 'if', lad. Listen to me son, they say we're all gonna get paroled if we promise to go back home. But they don't know ole Jubal very well; I don't keep promises to yankees! Why me and 'Uncle Joe' are gonna whip these rascals in North Carolina!" He chuckles like a mischievous school boy, like the old Jubal you know best. "Yessa," he continues on, "they gonna see ole Jubal ag'in before this war's over; so I don't want to hear any more about this here 'if' gibberish!"

He deposits the letter in an empty tobacco pouch. "I'll see she gets it," he says in a sincere tone.

His face turns serious again. "Lad," he says, "this here army chaplain wants me to ask you if you'd like to see him."

This scares you. Why? It's not because you're afraid to confide in an enemy officer, even if he is a man of the cloth. No—it's something deeper. To 'see' a man about death, the hereafter, and all of its mysteries, has the sobering feel of finality.

"No!" you say. "Tell that yankee chaplain I don't need him!" That feels better. Anger is easier to handle than fear. "By gosh," you continue, "the yankees may be sending me out of this world, but I don't need them to get to heaven, thank you!"

Jubal emits a big, wide grin. "I'll tell them just that!"

Both of you laugh nervously.

"Would you do me a favor?" he asks, his laughter now ceasing. "If—I mean—when you get to heaven, how 'bout puttin' in a fav'able word for me."

You can tell that he's dead serious. "Sure, Jubal. I—I will."

Both of you are suddenly startled.

"Time's up, reb!" retorts your picket as he bursts inside the tent.

"Take care of yourself, Jubal."

"Look, lad," he says, "I'm gonna talk to that Major Hammond... I promise... I'll talk to him!" Those are the last words Jubal will ever speak to you.

You sit down again. With your head bowed toward the ground you scoop up handfuls of sand. You let the sand fall between your feet, several grains at a time. You repeat the procedure, again and again. The habit becomes mesmerizing. You notice how different this sand is from the red clay soil you're used to back home in the Georgia upcountry.

Minutes pass, then hours. You continue to pour sand. Little reminders of your pending fate attempt to penetrate your mind; but you try to resist the urge to give in to them.

Instead, you ponder about your beloved Sally. In your letter, you wrote that you were just before going into battle. Perhaps the belief that you died on the battlefield will make your death easier for her to accept.

You think about tomorrow, your twenty-first birthday—the traditional dawning of manhood. You find comfort in the belief that you became a man long before now. If this war didn't sever the ties of childhood, then it was certainly when you married Sally. Then a child came, your little Becky, whose presence is ever with you. Yes—you've been a husband, a father, and a soldier—all before reaching twenty-one.

Thoughts of your beautiful Sally sustain you; how she wept when you left home; how her dark curls glistened in the sunlight that morning your company departed; how her moist eyes twinkled with hope when you promised to return by the time Becky would finish cutting her teeth. But ugly thoughts begin to press their way into your reverie—

You remember the time that Becky had the scarlet fever; and sleepless nights that you and Sally took turns watching the infant burn with fever; the quiet moments you prayed to God asking that the child's life be spared; and the morning that the fever finally broke. You remember the joy of seeing the little cherublike smile return to her pale, round face.

(ONE OF THEM FOR ONE OF OURS)

Springing to your feet, you cast down a handful of sand. You begin pacing back and forth. Your stomach twinges again....

Why don't they come for you? Why don't they get this wretched act over with now! Right now! Why don't they—something suddenly jolts you. It's something loud; something deafening. It's a single volley of rifle fire!

The camp noise ceases.

You see a silhouette approaching your tent. The flap opens.

"Come with me, son," a guard commands. You comply without hesitation.

You are led through the camp. There are soldiers throughout attending to their duties. But something's different; each one wears a sober countenance—no talking; no laughing; no "caterwauling."

You arrive at a small field. In the middle are your comrades, standing in a single column. Each man is facing front and center toward an officer. It's Major Hammond.

The guard places you at the end of the column.

"All prisoners present and accounted for!" snaps an officer of the guard. His salute is returned by the major.

You stand quietly as the officers before you confer among themselves. You can't hear what they're saying, but you know that there has been some kind of change in plans. Maybe the execution has been called off!

You cut your eyes down the column. All of your comrades are there; all except one. You can't find Jubal. "All present and accounted for," said the yank; but where is Jubal?

A trampling of hooves directs your attention to your right. It's a line of mounted cavalry moving slowly around a crest of oak trees. They seem to be stopping at one particularly large oak; one that is set apart from the others. It's about fifty yards from you.

Underneath the tree is a faded sheet or thin blanket, rather dull and colorless. You notice, however, that there are dots and splotches on one side; they are red in color. On the other side, at the bottom, is something protruding from under the edge—something white. It's a human hand.

You glance down the column once again, then return your eyes to the sight under the oak tree. You notice something on the hand. It's a ring. It's Jubal's ring!

"Gentlemen, you will raise your right hands and repeat after me!" Major Hammond commands to your squad.

With a numbness in your body, you join the others in the recitation. Your mouth forms the words, but your very soul is under the oak tree. It is with the corpse that lies there—the corpse that should be yours!

A familiar passage is reflected in your mind as the oath begins; one that somehow makes it easier for you. The oath is repeated in unison:

"I do solemnly swear, that I will henceforth faithfully support and defend..."

(NO GREATER LOVE HATH A MAN THAN THIS...)

"The Constitution of The United States..."

(...THAT HE LAY DOWN HIS LIFE...)

"...and the union thereunder."

(...FOR A FRIEND!)

"So Help me God!"

The uplifted hands lower. The oath is concluded.

After a short go-and-sin-no-more speech by Major Hammond, your group is led out of the camp. All of you are paroled.

The single column of parolees moves slowly down a sandy road that is draped by a canopy of trees. The mounted cavalry escorts the group for a short distance, and then disbands.

About a quarter of a mile down the road, the single file line becomes dispersed and jagged. What was once one unit slowly transforms into seventeen separate units; seventeen individuals who have seen the dark side of mankind.

Each of you moves along quietly through this place you'll never forget—this strange place they call the Carolina sandhills. The sounds of union weaponry are further behind you as you amble down the road, all of you, to different destinations: some to your faraway homes; some to join up with "Uncle Joe"; and others to heaven knows where. ★

CRITICUS *BOOKS*

PROSPECTS FOR A *PAX AMERICANA*

THE WISE MEN KNOW WHAT WICKED THINGS ARE WRITTEN ON THE SKY, ***By Russell Kirk. Washington, D.C.: Regency Gateway, 1987. 138 pp. Index. Paperback $9.95.***

By Boyd Cathey

For nearly forty years Russell Kirk has championed conservatism. It was the "Sage of Mecosta" who single-handedly defined Anglo-American conservative tradition which he traced back to Edmund Burke, and before Burke to Richard Hooker and the Medieval Schoolmen. From *The Conservative Mind,* in 1953, to *Eliot and His Age* and *The Roots of American Order,* twenty years later, Kirk has defended the "permanent things": respect for Western and Classical tradition, defense of our historic Constitution, recognition of the religious foundation of our society, and preservation of the rights of property.

His latest effort, *The Wise Men Know What Wicked Things Are Written on the Sky,* is a series of lectures originally given for the Heritage Foundation and later published in various publications. The volume takes its name from a line in G.K. Chesterton's epic poem, "The Ballad of the White Horse." Chesterton inveighed against the fatalists of earlier in this century, who, observing the despair around them, resigned themselves to the inevitable destruction of Western civilization. Kirk's message, like that of Chesterton seventy years before, is that nothing, save God's infinite justice, is inevitable in history. In spite of the gloomy direction we have taken in the second half of the twentieth century, we are not ruled by Marxist determinism. Kirk's message, then, is one of hope, which he tempers with some scathing criticism of the manias that afflict our age.

Taking up such currently faddish topics as "global democracy," "human rights," high tech computerization, and our society's addiction to television, Kirk defines the issues at stake, exposes foibles, and suggests remedies.

We have no business, he asserts, in lecturing El Salvador, Chile, or South Africa on how they should conduct themselves internally. Motivated by a rationalistic and imperious humanitarianism, Americans too often try to remake all nations in their own image. In our zeal of "democracy" and "human rights" we insist that "the old order in the rest of the world, the old faiths, the old governments, the old economies, the old buildings, the old loves and loyalties" must be destroyed. "And in the delirious, dazzling joy of that consummation, the American humanitarian forgets to ask what would happen afterwards."

In hopes of pre-empting the beguiling promise of Marxism, we imitate it, but, whether in Marcos' Philippines or Somoza's Nicaragua, we succeed only in debilitating those states so that Marxism may succeed.

A sane foreign policy should recognize that all nations are not the same, nor do they possess similar, "democratic" traditions. "If we are to experience a *Pax Americana,*" Kirk declares, "it will not be ...a patronizing endeavor, through gifts and arms, to cajole or intimidate all the nations of the earth into submitting themselves to a vast overwhelming Americanization, wiping out other cultures and political patterns. An enduring *Pax Americana* would be produced not by bribing or boasting, but by quiet strength--and especially by setting an example of ordered freedom that might be emulated." (p.33)

While recognizing the usefulness of modern high tech computers, Kirk cautions against an excessive reliance on them, where computer operation replaces genuine and creative thinking. The object of higher learning, he states, echoing Cardinal Newman, is to train the intellect to form a philosophical habit of mind. Such learning enables a person to engage credibly in the multiple affairs of society--to judge and make weighty decisions on which the future of our civilization depends.

Kirk's chapter on our television-addicted society is filled with humor. While exclaiming that the "demon TV's empire is universal," he makes at the same time a very serious point: Can a generation formed by television adequately cope in the modern world? Recent surveys conducted by the National Geographic Society suggest that students are largely illiterate in geography and world affairs. Must we resign ourselves, he asks, to a world dominated by the sentiments that the program "Dallas" rouses? Or, can we hope for a revival in humane education and discourse? To today's students Kirk, like Demosthenes, exclaims: "I beg of you to think!"

As he has done repeatedly over the years, Russell Kirk pleads: "One thing we can do is this: to refrain from choking up the springs of the moral imagination." (p. 128) If we stifle imagination, the sense of wonder and awe, then we condemn ourselves to the ash heap of history. But decadence, he reminds us, is no more inevitable than is progress. The assertion of the moral imagination can avert decline.

The Wise Men Know What Wicked Things Are Written on the Sky is a clarion call to do battle. There have been some hopeful signs in recent years. That beachhead must be widened and deepened. "Given imagination, Americans may refute the prophecies of decadence. Whether those wicked things written on the sky will be erased in the age that is dawning, or whether the children of darkness will prevail--why, that will be decided by the rising generation, in whose power it will be to give the lie to the fatalists." ★

Gray Man on a Gray Horse

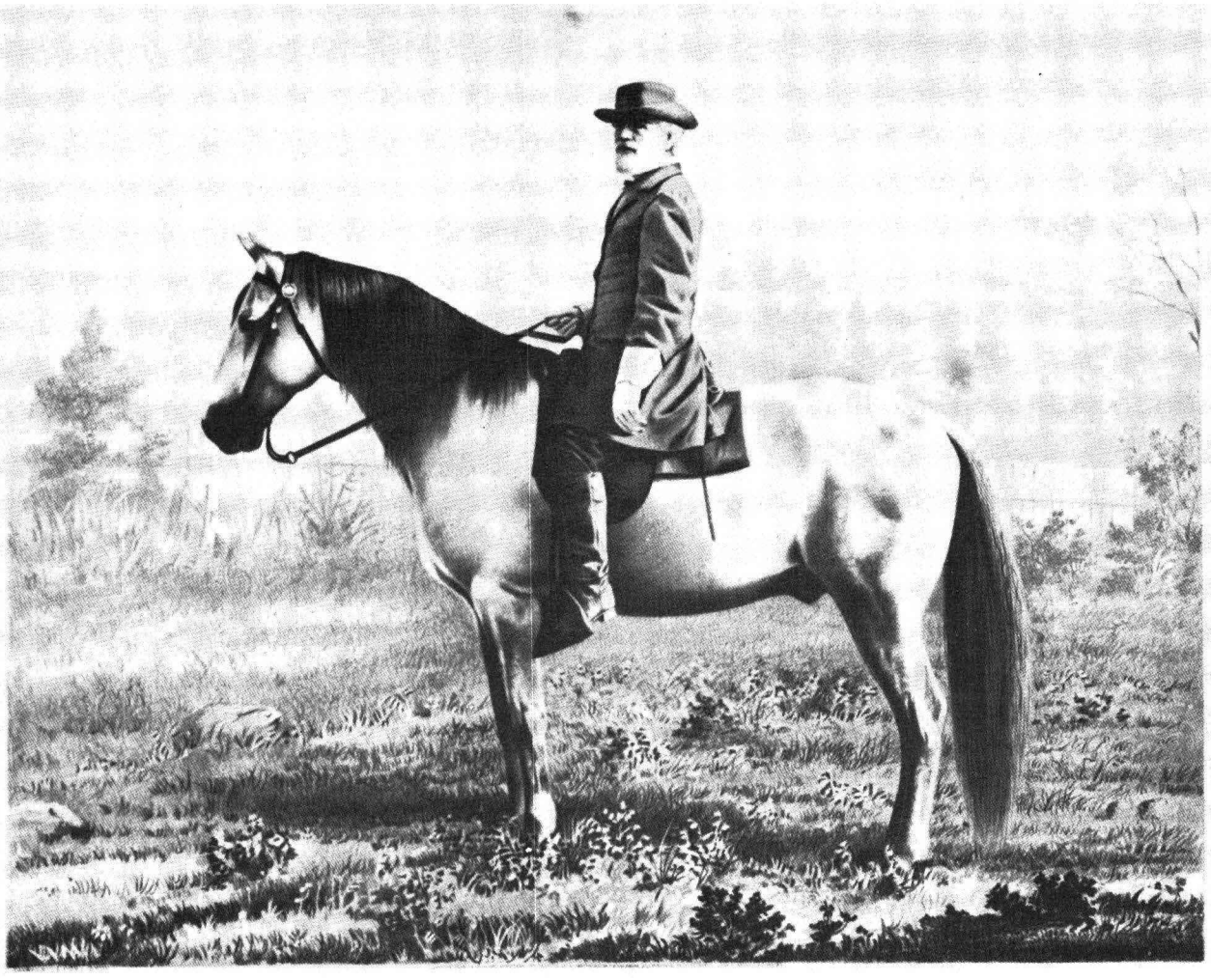
By Sheldon Vanauken

TRAVELLER. ***By Richard Adams. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1988. 270 pages. $18.95.***

Though the war is over, the gray horse is dreaming: "The Blue men! The Blue men! They've got round behind us ... The guns—the guns—I shall go mad! The ground's shaking! Run! Run! A horse that's afeared has to run, what else? Pressure of Marse Robert's knees, steady hand stroking my neck. 'Easy, Traveller, easy!' *Must* stand still! The Blue men are coming! No, it's the Yell! The Yell! ... It's Cap-in-His-Eyes is coming!"

The Confederate Yell and Stonewall Jackson coming. So begins Traveller's tale of the War of Southern Independence. The time is after the War, in Lexington, Virginia, in the years 1865 to 1870, when General Lee dies and Traveller a few months later. After the dream, Traveller will tell the whole story of the Army of Northern Virgina to Tom Nipper, the barnyard cat.

But what is an Englishman, best known for his story of rabbits, *Watership Down,* doing writing about Lee's great horse—*being* that horse—and speaking in the Virginian idiom? The reviewer can't say how Mr. Adams came to do it, except to say that there are many indications that Richard Adams came to love the gray rider and the gray horse and, indeed, the whole valiant Confederate army. Moreover, he does have an uncanny 'feel' for animals: Traveller is always a horse; one can learn much about horses from this book. And, plainly, Adams has done his homework: not only the Virginia speech but army life and the battles and the people, not to mention the other horses—Little Sorrel, a very wise horse, almost a seer; and Skylark, and Jefferson Davis's Thunder. Friendships mean a lot to a horse. Traveller has his own names for the generals. Cap-in-His-Eyes is Stonewall, Redshirt is A.P. Hill, the Cussin General is Early, and Jine-the-Cavalry is,



of course, Jeb Stuart. Here is a glimpse of the way Stuart, whom the Yankee General Sedgwick called "The greatest cavalryman ever foaled in America," is described along with his horse, by Traveller:

> *Although he had...a big brown beard—biggest I ever seed, I reckon—the way he was acting he'd put anyone in mind not so much of a general as of some young fella riding out for a whole load of fun ... [A]s he came riding up he was a-singing'—jest out of high spirits, so I figured. As for his horse, he made me feel like I was some kinda small-time cob. And, I'm telling you, Tom, I've never been in the habit of calling other horses real fine. That's what's knowed as self-respect. But this here horse, he had a very quite superior manner ... I sorta got an uncomfortable notion that he might jest be able to give me a considerable run over twenty mile. Anyone could see he had quality from his nose to his hooves. [Then Stuart comes out and looks at Traveller and speaks to him.] He'd plainly taken a liking to me, and I found myself feeling the same way 'bout him. I even felt that if Marse Robert hadn't been my master, maybe it wouldn't be so bad belonging to this young fella. For one thing, you could tell at a glance that he was a natchral-born horseman like no one else in the world. He was the only other man 'sides Marse Robert who ever made me feel that he was a kind of horse hisself....*

There's humor on almost every page, not only in Traveller's shrewd observations but in his misconceptions. For instance, he believes that dead Yankees (Blue men) turn into flies, which is why there are so

many flies. And he thinks that Appomattox, though he's a bit puzzled at the white "cloth-on-a-stick" instead of the familiar red-and-blue, is where the South won, and that now, after the War, Marse Robert is ruling the country.

And there are touching things that may move the reader to tears. A wounded Yankee prisoner lifting his head to shout, "Hurrah for the Union!" and Lee dismounting and going over to him, taking his hand, saying: "My son, I hope you'll soon be well." Or Lee giving his handkerchief to a sweating soldier. Or Lee, after the war, in a heavy night rain, holding a crutch out of his window for the cats to climb in.

But, above all, throughout the book runs the theme of the mutual love and trust and understanding of horse and rider: Traveller and Marse Robert. It is beautifully done because Traveller is always truly a horse. Lee is unfailingly kind, understanding just when Traveller needs reassurance and the calming hand. And Traveller for his part is determined never to fail his master. Here are glimpses of that relationship, so fine that one must regret the Yankee invention of the motor car:

[Before Lee owns Traveller] One day the General rode me again—not far; half a mile, maybe—and this time it left me with the feeling that I'd never be happy again, on account of I didn't belong to him. Well, when you've had a taste—even if it's only a taste—of what's perfect, it's hard, ain't it, to settle for anything less? [Later] Like I said, he was really a kind of horse hisself....He never used a whip or a spur on me and he never lost his temper or raised his voice. Jest the way he said "No" was 'nuff.

After the War comes a story perfectly illustrating the rapport of horse and rider. Traveller has been tied to a hitching post, but the knot comes loose. All would have been well if someone had not made a grab for the bridle. Traveller naturally backs away. Then others run towards him, so he trots away. Lee comes out, asks everyone to stand still and be quiet. And Traveller says:

Then, soon as things had quieted down some, he gives me our special low whistle. That's a kind of signal we have between us, him and me. It's jest for me, you know, Tom—'tain't for ... any other horse on the place. What it really says is "You're Traveller and I'm Marse Robert, remember? You can forget the rest." Well, soon as I heard the whistle, I remembered where we was ... I just trotted back to him nice and easy-like....Some fella standing by says, "Well, I'd never have believed that, sir, if'n I hadn't a-seed it myself."

Not quite all the book is Traveller's account; there are occasional inserts to give the reader the larger picture of what is happening in the War. These inserts show Adams's grace of style and his eloquence. And they show, too, I think, his deep sympathy for the Army of Northern Virginia. Here are some excerpts in Adams's own voice.

[As the Army marches northward to Sharpsburg (Antietam)] Whither are you marching, soldiers, in your squalor, your tatters and your spirits that nothing can subdue? You are marching toward the zenith of the Confederate cause. [A year later] The entire Union high command have now developed a certain feeling of inferiority to Lee as an adversary....Yet in their apprehension the Federals are overestimating not Lee's personal ability—as to that they are accurate enough—but the sheer resources at his disposal. [And one more fragment towards the end.] The Confederate troops are so thin on the ground and so short of ammunition that if it were not for the dread with which their fighting power has filled the hearts of the enemy, the line would long ago have been broken. General Lee whose courage and endurance continue to inspire his men as no other general since Alexander, has far too much military discernment to be under any delusion.

It seems to me that Richard Adams, drawn first perhaps by the noble horse, has come to love Marse Robert and his valiant army, including horseman Jine-the-Cavalry Stuart. There are indications that he has come to Virginia to see with his own eyes. He must, therefore, be counted an honourable and honorary Virginian and Confederate. Or an honorary horse. His book is splendid, powerful and enjoyable—and different. I recommend it to everyone who loves Marse Robert or the Lost Cause, or horses.

One of the most moving things in the book—Richard Adams speaking in his own voice—is his splendid sonnet in the front of the book. For me, it alone is worth the price of the book.

I dreamt last night that there was wind and rain.
I got up and looked out, but all was strange;
A muddy track across a wooded plain;
A distant tumult; angry cries, exchange
Of fire. And then, out of that dreadful night,
Appeared a scarecrow army staggering,
Defiant, famished. In the quenched starlight
They marched on to their bitter reckoning.

Their sleepless, bloodshot eyes were turned to me.
Their flags hung black against the pelting sky.
Their jests and curses echoed whisperingly,
As though from long-lost years of sorrow—Why,
You're weeping! What, then? What more did you see?
A gray man on a gray horse rode by. ★

CRITICUS *BOOKS*

SOUTHERN FOLK, PLAIN & FANCY: NATIVE WHITE SOCIAL TYPES, *By John Shelton Reed, University of Georgia Press, 118 pp. Price N/A, 1986.*

By Tom Rash

In this reworking of a 1985 Lamar Lecture, Dr. John Shelton Reed, UNC-Chapel Hill's atypically witty and plain-spoken sociologist (yes, it's an oxymoron), offers an updated "field guide to the human fauna of the South." Playing off of Daniel R. Hundley's valuable 1860 study *Social Relations in Our Southern States,* Reed establishes three categories--heroes (good, strong); villains (bad, weak); victims (good, weak)--with which to examine Southerners along class and gender lines. This taxonomy, Reed emphasizes, is a construct, a "South of the mind," based upon Southern self-perceptions and the perceptions of outsiders and the media; thus, no one person embodies all of the traits of a category. What this means, of course, is that Dr. Reed's hillbilly (lower-class fool) is really a Platonic hillbilly, his redneck (lower-class villain) a Platonic redneck, and so on. Being Platonic, these characters won't be around to spoil your next rafting trip down the Chattooga.

To Reed's credit, this study provides a framework, open to modification, of course, with which to account for the likes of George Wallace, Boss Hogg, Ashley Wilkes, Col. Sanders, the "Hee Haw" cast (or should that be caste?), Ernest T. Bass, Ted Turner, and Robert E. Lee, among others, and Reed's discussion of middle-class types is interesting and illuminating. However, if you too have an aversion to sociology left over from your school days, then read the book for the great George Wallace stories. Better yet, read it and see if you can't create some categories of your own, such as:

1. Writers from the South--turks, young and old, who go around equivocating just enough to deny influence yet not enough to kill off a good thing. They say never to let certain ones near your whiskey or women (or men--I'll leave that sufficiently ambiguous), but your speaker bureau's budget is what really needs protecting. Look for 'em in *Southern* magazines writing five-hundred-word essays (irony-free) on the decline of Southern culture.
2. Civil War Buffs--own Shelby Foote's trilogy
3. True Civil War Buffs--have read all three volumes of Shelby Foote's trilogy and have been moved to call or write Mr. Foote to let him know it.
4. Blue-Haired Belles--forget the blue blood, what about the blue hair? This group includes the subgroup of shocked blue-haired ladies, who are always good for the famous quote: "He ("she" in the case of Flannery O'Connor) seemed like such a nice boy, how could he write such a horrible book?"
5. The Transplanted Yankee Intellectual (TYI)--this group, the bane of many Southern history and English departments, can be further broken down by gender. The males stand out because they talk loudly and persistently about ice hockey, "real" deli food, and driving in the snow--especially driving in the snow, for it allows them to ridicule the Southern habit of making suicide runs to the Winn Dixie to pick up bread, milk, and *T.V. Guide.* Male TYI's also enjoy telling about how their fathers "woulda belted 'em" if they had said "sir" to them. The females, on the other hand, laugh uncontrollably if you call them m'am or if they hear you call someone else m'am, even if it is an eighty-year-old blue-haired lady who has come to hear that famous Southern writer (oops, writer from the South) read from his newest novel. Female TYI's make it a point to curse in public and to be the first through doors. If historians, TYI's delight in teaching the "truth" about the Civil War; if English teachers, they enjoy dismissing the Nashville Agrarians as fascists and praising the intellectual honesty of Rita Mae Brown.
6. Professional Southerners--the group of Southerners--novelists, journalists, poets, editors---that constantly defines and redefines (for a small fee) the South and its people by seeing Eliotesque objective correlatives in BBQ, 6 1/2 ounce Cokes, Richard Petty, fried okra, Moon Pies, snake handling, and dead possums.

My point: Take Reed's study as an interesting look at how we Southerners see ourselves and how we are seen by others, but whatever you do, don't take it too seriously lest next month we find Dr. Reed on the Donahue show fielding questions on the hot topic: "Hillbilly/Redneck: Is he the pit bull of our species?" ★

BOOKNOTES

RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING. ***By Patrick J. Buchanan. 400 pp. Little, Brown & Co. $18.95.***

Pat Buchanan is not just a conservative, he is a *Southern* conservative. That fact is obvious when you read his newly published, very readable autobiography. The descendent of Confederate soldiers -- along with one or two proud Yankees -- Buchanan grew up in Washington, D.C., when the nation's capital was still a Southern city.

It is his memoir of life in the Washington of the 1950's that produces the most memorable images of this book. He paints an interesting portrait of his experience as a journalist and political activist, and argues for conservative causes with his customary zeal and eloquence. However, he is most evocative when describing his lively youth in the glowing 1950's. His was a childhood that was, oddly, both raucous disciplined, as he grew to manhood in an Irish Catholic family of debaters and brawlers who lived at the cutting edge of their wits and the top of their lungs.

A youthful hellraiser, Buchanan could have wasted his many gifts in a teenaged automobile wreck or destroyed his career before it began with a bar brawler's police record. To the great good fortune of the American conservative community, he did neither. Instead, he "grew up" in college, excelled as the token conservative at Columbia University School of Journalism, won accolades as a young editorial writer, eventually made major contributions to the Nixon and Reagan administrations, and became a leading skirmisher for conservative values and common sense politics.

Buchanan's autobiography is both entertaining and convincing. He is as able as ever to surgically savage liberals with his ever-honed pen. Consider this dissection of Columbia School of Journalism: "Columbia in the early '60's was more a challenge to me than to the other students. Where conservative cliches were ridiculed by faculty and students alike, liberal cliches were accepted as recitals of the catechism in which all educated men and women supposedly believed...That liberals were unprepared for the radical onslaught of the '60's and for our conservative counterreformation in the '70's came as no surprise. They had it too easy. They rarely had to defend their benefits in the colleges and universities they attended. Liberal opinions were received as revealed truth..."

There's not much Southern conservatives *won't* like about this book. Buchanan unwittingly displays a little humanistic influence and he needs to bone up on the history of the War Between the States, but this is a delightful work -- a colorful, entertaining and informative memoir from one who really is among "the best and the brightest."

—Rod Gragg

WHY WAIT: WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE TEEN SEXUALITY CRISIS. ***By Josh McDowell & Dick Day. 450 pp. Here's Life Publishing. $9.95 in trade paper.***

SEX: DESIRING THE BEST. ***By Barry St. Clair & Bill Jones. 191 pp. Here's Life Publishing. $7.95.***

For Southern parents concerned with the impact of the new morality, here's a little help: two outstanding works dealing with the sexual crisis facing young people -- and others -- in America. Straightforward, friendly and authoratative -- that's the best description of these two new books on teenage sexuality. Both should be valuable to teenagers seeking information and answers about sex, and to the parents looking for advice and guidelines based on traditional American values.

WHY WAIT, written by one of the most popular youth counselors and college speakers in the nation, is a definitive work that surveys the causes and effects of the so-called sexual revolution, provides frank but diplomatically written information and offers sound and thoughtful advice to young people and parents. McDowell, a popular speaker on many Southern campuses, explores a multitude of reasons why young people should not engage in premarital sex, provides detailed counselling on how to resist peer pressure, and offers basic information teens need to know about sex, abstinence, AIDs and a parade of other relevant topics. It's straight talk, presented respectfully, and based on the Judeo-Christian values traditional to the South.

—RG

THE C.S.S. FLORIDA: HER BUILDING AND OPERATIONS. ***By Frank L. Owsley, Jr. 210 pp. University of Alabama Press. $15.95.***

Unarmed, undermanned and in broad daylight, the C.S.S. *Florida* faced her first and potentially last test. With all ports closed to her, Mobile provided the last chance for the Confederate ship to become an effective fighting weapon for the South. With the daring of a John S. Mosby, the new captain took his ship straight toward the Yankee gunboats blockading the port. One shot across the bow was followed quickly by a second, but the *Florida* did not hesitate. A broadside carried away the rigging, a second raked the ship's decks, but the race continued.

So began the two-year adventure of the Confederate cruiser C.S.S. *Florida*, whose military exploits were second only to the C.S.S. *Alabama*. Her story is told and told well in this impressive study by historian Frank Owsley.

Built amid diplomatic and political intrique in a British shipyard, the *Florida* went on to become one of the most successful commerce raiders commissioned by the Confederacy. The reissue of Professor Owsley's book is good news for students of the naval war. The book is still the leading scholarly work on the *Florida*. A new introduction by the author reinforces his contention that the cruisers were the Confederacy's most cost-effective weapon during the war and were the cause of the decline of the U.S. merchant fleet.

There can be but very little doubt that the *Florida* cost the U.S. government and Northern commercials interests many times what the ship cost the Confederacy. Federal warships were pulled out of the Southern blockading squadrons to defend Northern shipping against the raider, while others spent their time searching for the elusive cruiser. The *Florida*, Owsley proves conclusively, was a military success.

—Paul Fowler

BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM: THE CIVIL WAR ERA. ***by James M. McPherson, 882 pp. Oxford. 1988, $35.00.***

Since its publication almost a year ago, *Battle Cry Of Freedom* has been widely regarded as *the* War Between The States book of the decade. In it, Princeton Professor James McPherson demonstrates a unique ability to produce a densely textured, yet readable narrative.

This talent is apparent early, as in the opening chapter, "The United States at Midcentury", McPherson goes to great lengths to give the reader a sophisticated understanding of the situation *ante bellum*. This is done, however, in a style so readable and varied that it would hold the attention of a young child.

For the Southern patriot, there are a few indigestable passages. He seems to blame the institution of slavery completely on the South, and the saccharine praise heaped on Lincoln drips from certain pages.

Though he errs in the historical sphere, McPherson redeems himself in the political sphere. The Princeton Professor seems to understand fully the political realities that are constantly ignored by most historians. His firm grasp of what Union victory really meant comes through clearly in the closing Epilogue, "To The Shoals of Victory":

"The old federal republic in which the national government had rarely touched the average citizen except through the post-office gave way to a more centralized polity that taxed the people directly, drafted men into the army, expanded the jurisdiction of federal courts, created a national currency and a national bank system, and established the first national agency for social welfare--the Freedmen's Bureau. Eleven of the first twelve amendments to the Constitution had limited the powers of the national government; six of the next seven, beginning with the Thirteenth Amendment in 1865, vastly expanded those powers at the expense of the states. This change in the federal balance paralleled a radical shift of political power from South to North."

During my review of the book, I read this passage to a fellow Confederate. When I finished, he just looked at me and said, "I think I'm going to cry."

That paragraph is powerful, but the truth cuts even deeper when he writes:

"...the *South* remained bound by traditional values and networks of family, kinship, heirarchy, and patriarchy. The *North*...hurtled forward eagerly toward a future of industrial capitalism that many Southerners found distasteful if not frightening; the South remained *proudly* and even *defiantly* rooted in the past before 1861. (emphasis added)"

Now *I'm* going to cry.

Professor McPherson's work is Volume VI of the *Oxford History of the United States* edited by C. Vann Woodward.

—Oran P. Smith

THE TEACHING OF LATIN IN AMERICAN SCHOOLS, A PROFESSION IN CRISIS, ***Edited by Richard A. Lafleur; Athens, Georgia. Scholars Press, 1987. $???.***

The Teaching of Latin, whose publication was in part financed by N.E.H. funds, consists of a series of 15 essays by high school Latin teachers and college classics professors describing various programs, seminars, and institutes which have been set up to cope with the severe Latin teacher shortage. Summer earned MAT degrees, "short" courses, and refresher work in Latin grammar and prose composition, intensive training sessions for those planning to teach AP (Advanced Placement) Latin, workshops in Roman history, mythology, and culture have all helped to combat the teacher shortage problem but as the author of each essay is quick to point out, much more needs to be done.

This is an invaluable work for all college classics majors contemplating teaching Latin at the secondary level and will be of great interest to anyone concerned with education and the humanities in general.

—Charles Scott Hamel

THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

•THE FLAGS OF THE CONFEDERACY. ***By Devereaux D. Cannon, Jr. 91 pp. St. Lukes Press. (1407 Union, Memphis, TN 38104). $9.95 in oversized paper.***

Thanks to Devereaux Cannon's unique study of the Confederacy's historic banners, the American news media may finally learn the difference between the Stars and Bars and the Starry Cross. In story after story about the public display of the flag, the news media consistently, incorrectly refer to the Confederate Battle Flag as the Stars and Bars. In this interesting new study, the author sets the record straight. All the principal banners of the short-lived Confederate States of America are depicted and profiled here. Cannon has produced a fascinating, much-needed study of the flags of the Confederacy -- a study which is long overdue in popular form.

•FORTS HENRY AND DONELSON: THE KEY TO THE CONFEDERATE HEARTLAND: ***By Benjamin Franklin Cooling. 354 pp. University Press. $24.95.***

The torturous road to Confederate defeat may have begun in February of 1862, when Federal forces captured Forts Henry and Donelson. True, the greatest Southern victories lay ahead -- Second Manassas, Chancellorsville, Chickamauga -- but with the fall of Henry and Donelson, Federal forces stood poised to invade the Confederate heartland. That is precisely what they did, splitting the South, and slowly squeezing life from the Confederacy until the dream of Southern nationhood was smothered.

Historian Benjamin Franklin Cooling understands the significance of the Southern loss of Henry and Donelson, and his new book will probably dominate the historiography of that pivotal campaign for years to come. Cooling understandably knows his subject: he is the former park historian at Fort Donelson National Military Park and is now a historian with the Office of the Chief of Air Force History. He writes with authority and clarity, charting the history of the forts, their defense and their fall from beginning to end. It is a well-written, expertly researched account of the wound from which the Confederacy never recovered.

•THE HEAVENS ARE WEEPING: THE DIARIES OF GEORGE R. BROWDER. ***Edited by Richard L. Troutman. 575 pp. Zondervan. $19.95.***

May 10, 1862. I enter upon this volume, doubting whether I shall live to write the last page or if...all around me now will be alive and still with me when these pages are full. I will probably record here the time and place and when and where great battles were fought and victories won in this 2nd revolution that now sweeps over the entire South and shakes the nation from center to circumference. I shall probably record the close of this desolating war and the conquest of the Southern people, or possibly I may write in these pages the acknowledgement of Southern independence.''

So wrote diarist George R. Browder, a Kentucky farmer, Southern sympathizer and circuit-riding preacher, whose rich and detailed diary has been brought to light by historian Richard Troutman. Browder would indeed record the Southern struggle for nationhood, as seen from his vantage point in divided Kentucky. He would not, however, record the acknowledgement of Southern independence he hoped to observe.

What he did record was a portrait of the daily life of Southerners before, during and following the War Between the States. Much of what he penned in his diary was typical of the wartime Southern experience in general; some was peculiar to war-torn Kentucky. (He records, for instance, how Southern sympathizers, including clergymen, were imprisoned by Federal forces merely for suspected Southern loyalties.) This is not the typical wartime diary. It covers a large spread of time prior to and following the war. It is much more eloquent than most period diaries -- Northern as well as Southern. And it faithfully perserves the Biblical perspective that was so pervasive in the 19th century South.

Browder's observations are enhanced by the skillfull work of historian Troutman, a professor at Western Kentucky University. His footnotes, introduction and impressive concluding ''Who's Who'' demonstrate superb scholarship and a professional's insights.

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"THE CIVIL WAR ERA IN INDIAN TERRITORY" (Journal of the West, July, 1973) Edited by LeRoy Fischer. Limited, quality editions of this out-of-print classic. 498 pp. $10.00 plus $1.00 shipping. ALTHOUSE, 3220 E. Raintree Dr., Stillwater, Ok. 74074.

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THE LAST WORD

Fed-up With Politics Already? Consider the Inner Man

"The Camping," Playa Oyambre, Comillas, Cantabria, Spain...

The old saw has it that whereas we Americans eat to live, Europeans live to eat.

There are teeth in old saws. We guzzle our drink, gobble our food. Europeans are baffled by our indifferent gluttony. Watch them pore over the menu at a restaurant. They take satisfying the inner man with a solemnity that verges on the obsessive. A meal lasting less than a full hour of meditative chewing (and much animated conversation) is no meal at all---in their opinion.

This past summer my wife and I were invited to a "*tapa*" luncheon (most courses---served in individual earthenware dishes or communal platters---intended to be eaten with the fingers), at a modest restaurant in a camp grounds above one of the world's more gorgeous beaches, Oyambre, on Spain's Cantabrian Coast. We were thirty guests. This, in order, was the menu:

Liver pate---creamy, cool, not cloying on the tongue, as are so many pates. Served with a white 1982 Marques de Caceres.

Croquetas bechamel---served piping hot. Fluffy, delicious,---an act of will to keep from popping endlessly into the mouth, where they dissolved on the tongue.

Calves brains *rebosados*---deep fried in egg batter. Another melt-on-the-tongue delicacy.

Merluza rebosado---served deep fried in egg batter also. *Merluza* is the fish called hake: highly esteemed in Spain for its light, firm white flesh. The fish & chips fish of England.

Anchovies vinaigrette---served chilled. Just the right platter to clear the palate after the first three dishes, of which the *merluza rebosado* was the gourmet's transition. Now the meal would begin to get serious:

Langostinos a la plancha---oh, dear, oh, paradise: sweet, succulent, sea-fresh jumbo prawns grilled outdoors in olive oil, sea-salt (kosher salt), and lemon, served sizzling hot, their fragile shells dripping and crusty with salt-lemon-oil sauce, the meats tender, firm, on occasion just slightly charred (yet *never* dry). Much of the gustatory pleasure here comes from licking one's greasy fingers after one has chipped off the shell and consumed the meat.

Almejas a la marinera---steamed cherry stone clams in spicy, luscious, "sailors'" sauce concocted out of white wine, garlic, parsley, bread crumbs, and *guindillas*, which are a chile, slivered and added in just the right proportion, so that the tongue tingles like presavored sin, but does not burn. This is a rich yet curiously light dish: a bowl full of these clams satisfies almost every lust of tongue and taste buds without repleting the belly, though almost no-one can resist sopping up the sauce with bread. One may slough this mortal coil praising one's Creator after consuming a combination of the *langostinos a la plancha* and the *almejas a la marinera* when they are of this fresh-from-the-sea quality.

There came a respite of fifteen minutes. The next three dishes were placed on the tables at the same time, and were accompanied by a red 1982 Marques de Caceres, which, being too young, was to my taste harsh and astringent:

Almondigas---meatballs, served steaming in their thick, spiced, glutinous gravy. Common old meatballs, but, merciful heaven, *what* meatballs!---sauteed with green peppers, white wine, onions, garlic...

Fabadas---a hot dish of large black beans (larger and blacker than the Mexican *frijole* bean), called here *aluvias negras,* served with *chorizo,* which is a suety, peppery, cholesterol-rich blood sausage, stuffed with spices such as thyme and rosemary, and *morcilla,* which is a black fried blood sausage packed in the gut with rice, as tasty as it may sound to the American ear repellent, and perfection with beans or fried eggs.

Tripe---served sizzling in deep hot dishes along with the beans, a heavy (too heavy in my opinion---I can do without tripe anyhow) baked dish the constituents of which were *chorizo, morcilla, garbanzos* (chickpeas, though not quite: a kind of worry-headed bean, the size of a large green pea), grapes, olives, green pepper, and something called *panzeta,* which is a scraping of the insides of pork bellies fried---and it truly is delicious.

In all, ten separate *tapas,* or courses. For dessert there were various ice creams---vanilla, hazelnut, chocolate,chocolate prawn, etc., accompanied by assorted chocolates, coffee, cigars, cognac, and anisette.

We sat down at 3:30 in the afternoon, rising from the table at 6:30. World affairs were not discussed. At 10:30 that night, following a nap, I awoke to hunger pangs. Scout's honor. The marvel is that Europeans, though commonly stout, are rarely obese after our monstrous American fashion. It is one of the great, unresolved mysteries: how Europeans can drink and eat so much, and so unself-consciously, scorning adverse medical effects. (I don't think I have met in any society so many octogenarian *grande dames* in such marvelous state of mental and physical health.) Per person, wines and liqueurs included, the cost of this luncheon came to about $18 a head. Which is more expensive than McDonald's, true, but *this* is living. ★

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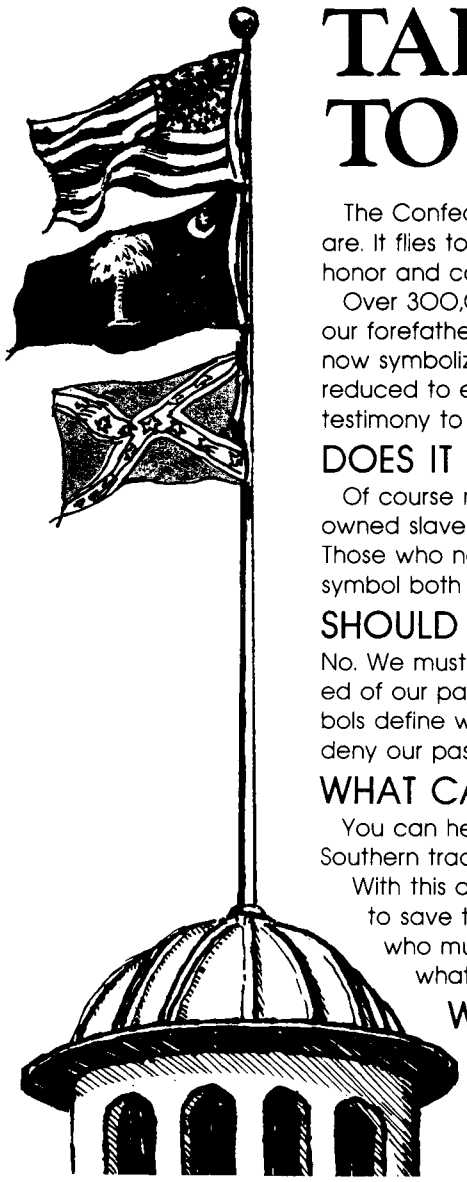

TAKE YOUR STAND TO SAVE THE FLAG

The Confederate Battle Flag is the symbol of the South. It stands for who we are. It flies to honor fallen heroes and to remind us of a special legacy built on honor and courage.

Over 300,000 men died bravely under that Flag. They were our ancestors - our forefathers - men and women who sanctified with their life's blood a heritage now symbolized by that Banner. From the ashes of defeat, with their home reduced to embers, the spirit of our fathers survived. And that Flag gives testimony to the survival of their spirit in us.

DOES IT STAND FOR SLAVERY?

Of course not. Over 80% of the men who fought for the Confederacy never owned slaves (indeed, thousands of black Southerners fought under that Flag). Those who now seek to tear the Flag down and those who wave it as a racist symbol both share the same ignorant view of history.

SHOULD IT BE TAKEN DOWN?

No. We must never allow a small group of misguided people to make us ashamed of our past. The time has come to protect the integrity of our heritage. Symbols define who we are and where we come from. No one should ask us to deny our past or to repudiate the memory of our ancestors.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

You can help save the Flag and promote a better understanding of the true Southern tradition by supporting the Southern Heritage Fund.

With this advertisement, we are launching a nationwide petition drive to save the Flag. Your support can help prove to the public officials who must decide this issue that we do care about the Flag and what it really stands for.

WHY IS IT SO URGENT?

Because certain pressure groups are now trying to ban the Confederate Battle Flag from public display in Southern States--and they want to ban the song "Dixie" from public performances.

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Yes! I am willing to support the Southern Heritage Fund. I believe we should protect the Battle Flag as a symbol of the independent and unbroken spirit of the Southern people (both those who were born in the South and those who have chosen the South as their home).
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